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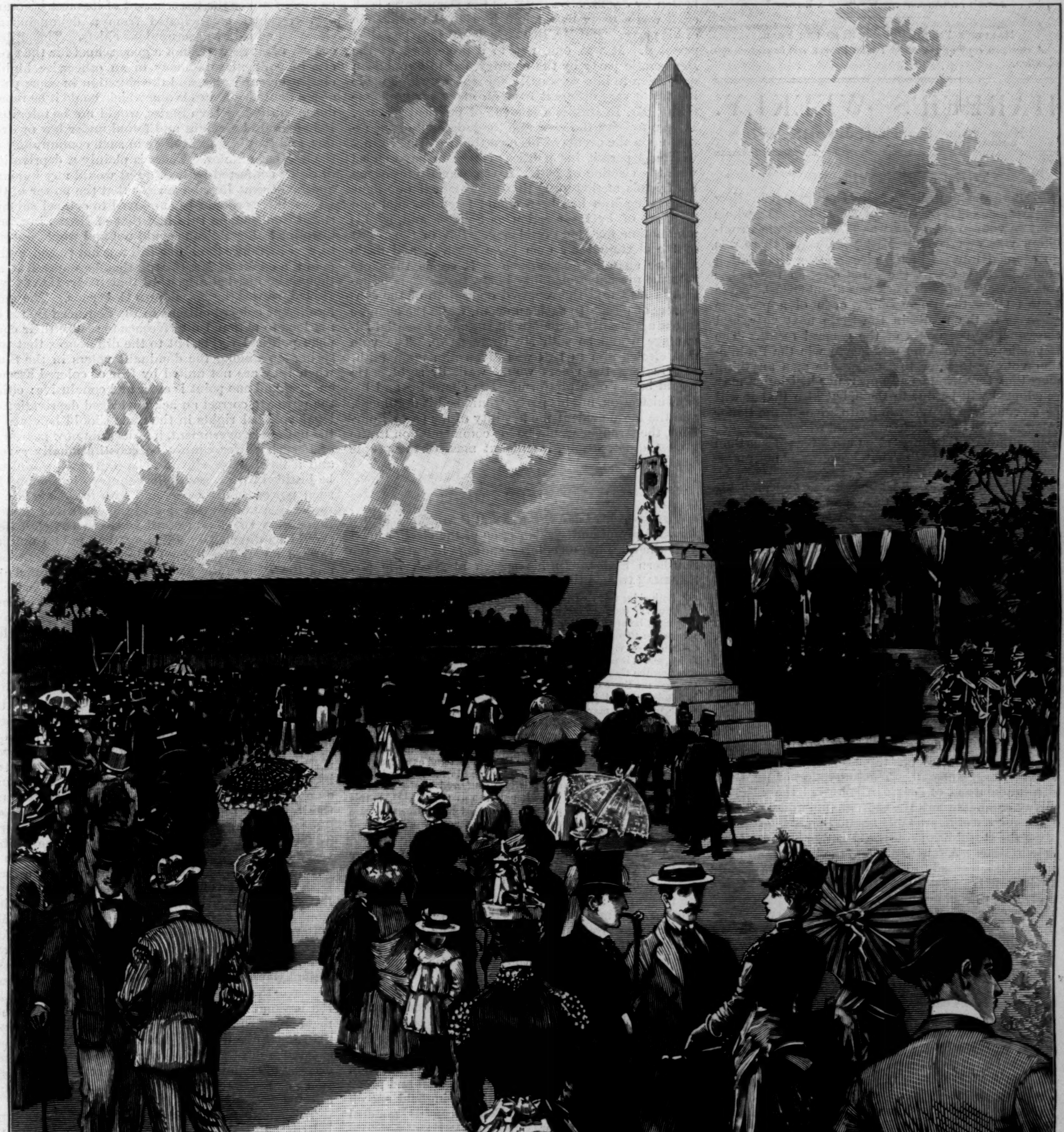

DEDICATION OF THE ACTORS' MONUMENT IN THE CEMETERY OF THE EVERGREENS.—Drawn by Graham and Rogers.—[See Page 438.]

"It is due to Harper's Young People to speak with special cordiality of the editor's work, which excludes every objectionable or questionable line, and presents only what will aid the physical, mental, and moral development of the reader."—*Boston Beacon.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The number issued June 14 contains the first part of an article on "Buying a Sail-Boat," by John Habberton; *"Wonderful Trained Animals," by* Charles Frederick Holder, *with an illustration by* Dan Beard; *"The Surrender of Camp Kit Carson," by* William O. Stoddard; *and other stories and articles.*
The principal illustration is

DRAWING THE DOLL'S PORTRAIT,
FROM THE PAINTING BY MRS. A. L. CROOKS.

In the next number will appear the first of a series of four articles, entitled

BICYCLING IN WILD COUNTRIES,
BY THOMAS STEVENS,
AUTHOR OF "AROUND THE WORLD ON A BICYCLE."

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
New York, Saturday, June 18, 1887.

THE PRESENT PROSPECT.

IN 1884 the plurality of Mr. Cleveland in New York was 1047 in a vote of 1,171,312. The whole Butler vote in the State was 17,002, and the Prohibition vote was 25,001. Last year, when there was no especial interest in the election, the Prohibition vote was 36,414. At the same election the Labor vote for Mayor of New York was about 68,000. These figures show the impossibility even of a probable guess as to the result in the State next year, and consequently the doubt of the general result. The Republicans have done nothing to win the Prohibition vote, or to show to Temperance men anything more than that whatever Temperance legislation may be adopted will be due to them, but also that it will be so contrived as not wholly to alienate the liquor interest. The Republican argument with Temperance men is the familiar one, "You are safer with us than with the other party." That, however, is not an argument for Prohibitionists. There will be undoubtedly a Prohibition candidate next year, and probably a Labor candidate. But the Labor vote will not be drawn exclusively from the Democratic party. There is a large number of Republicans, especially German Republicans, who will support a Labor nomination. The Labor defection, therefore, would not necessarily secure a Republican victory in the State. But it will break the uniformity of old party adhesion, and tend to assure a portion of the Irish vote to Mr. Blaine, should he be nominated. In this situation, and regarding the electoral vote of New York as essential to success, the renomination of Mr. Cleveland by the Democrats is most probable, not because the Democratic leaders and politicians in New York like him or prefer him for a candidate, but because he would be supported generally by the independent vote, and by a large Republican vote that was given to Mr. Blaine in 1884, and because this combined vote would probably more than set off the Democratic defection, whether large or small. The suggestion of Mr. Hill as a candidate is, of course, a joke, and the selection of any candidate but Mr. Cleveland, under the circumstances would probably assure Democratic defeat.

On the Republican side the situation changes from time to time. A few weeks ago the renomination of Mr. Blaine seemed to be improbable, for the reason, as Senator Stockbridge, of Michigan, carefully expressed it, that it might not be thought "judicious." The prospect of Mr. Sherman's availability was not unpromising. But even then the remark of a shrewd Republican in Ohio expressed what is probably the truth—that "Ohio Republicans are proud of Mr. Sherman; they honor his rectitude, admire his ability, and acknowledge his valuable experience; and if they see that he can be elected, they will give him the delegation. But there need be no illusions. Their heart is with Blaine." This was said some weeks ago. It was thought that on personal grounds the independent Republicans of '84 might accept Mr. Sherman if Mr. Blaine's nomination should be thought not to be "judicious." But this anticipation of support seems to have disappeared. Whatever strength there may have been in the personal consideration, Mr. Sherman's speeches, especially the speech at Springfield, in which his whole view and programme are revised and corrected, make his general support by independent voters doubtful. The present feeling undoubtedly is that as Mr. Sherman and Mr. Blaine represent substantially precisely the same view and spirit and policy, and as Mr. Blaine unquestionably has the larger and more enthusiastic following in the party, and as setting him aside would be a concession to Mugwumpery, and an indirect acknowledgment both of its reason and power, the best policy for the party is to take the chance that the force of the attack in '84 was then exhausted, and that Democratic discontent and Irish sympathy and the Labor diversion may pull him through in '88. The prospect undoubtedly promises something of a scramble or electoral scrub-race next year, and that is a prospect which might strongly tempt the Blaine Republicans. But the plainer such a prospect becomes, the larger, it seems to us, would be Mr. Cleveland's vote.

If Mr. Blaine desires the Republican nomination he can undoubtedly receive it, and that he does desire it is highly probable. His visit to Europe, whatever its purpose may be, will not impair his position as a candidate. His friends will take care that the country is reminded of him in a way that will not prejudice him, and he will be personally refreshed and strengthened for future exigencies. Indeed, he can hardly avoid wishing to appeal to the country once more, because of the circumstances of his defeat in 1884. When Clay, as the leader of the Whigs, was beaten by Jackson or Polk, as the Democratic leader, it was a party defeat, and he shared the fortune of his party. But Mr. Blaine's defeat may be called personal. It was due, not to a preference of the Democratic party by the country, but to Republican opposition to him personally, for reasons which made his defeat very different from ordinary party misfortune. Mr. Blaine is a student of political history. He can forecast the view and the judgment of the future upon the events of his own time; and he cannot willingly permit his political career to have ended with the election of 1884. It was warmly urged by his friends at that time that all personal questions concerning him had been completely answered and disposed of by his election as Senator and by his nomination for the Presidency. But in the result of the election their own logic recoiled, and made another answer indispensable. It seems therefore that the present probability is Mr. Blaine's nomination in 1888, and the renewed opposition of the candidates of 1884. In such an event, while the chances might apparently favor Mr. Blaine, the essential advantage would be with Mr. Cleveland. The vote that elected him in 1884 was given him upon faith. But in 1888 the voters would walk by sight. He would be his own platform. His character and his administration, not his party, would be his argument, and the more evident the hostility of his party Bourbons, the stronger would be his commendation to the honest, quiet, steady, intelligent mass of the people in all parties.

THE SOUTHERN QUESTION.

The speech of Mr. Sherman at Springfield brings forward prominently as an issue of the election next year the question of colored suffrage in parts of the Southern States. In his speech at Nashville Mr. Sherman treated this question as follows:

> "Both sides felt that the abolition of slavery was the necessary result of the war, and it seemed to us, if the slaves were to be free, they must be armed with the privileges of freemen, and these were secured to them by constitutional amendments. The attempt to enforce these rights by national authorities has thus far partially failed, and it is now conceded that under the limitations of the Constitution the rights of the citizen of a State can only be enforced through the State or national tribunals, and where public opinion is intolerent, and jurors will not do their duty, a citizen, either white or black, may be without remedy for the grossest wrong, except the right to migrate where his rights will be respected. Our institutions are based upon the idea that such denial of rights is impossible, and I trust that the time is not far distant when the people of every State will feel it to be both just and expedient that every citizen of the State shall be protected in the free and equal enjoyment of every right and privilege conferred by the Constitution of the United States. The Republican party is pledged to this policy, and though it will use no unconstitutional means to secure it, would be false to its principles if it does not use all its moral and legal power to that end."

Mr. Sherman quoted a remark of Senator Vest that a Southern white man who would wrong the colored citizen deserved "to be blotted from the roll of manhood"; and Mr. Sherman added that if this were so, we might appeal to the manly spirit of our own race to protect the freedmen. And having said this, Mr. Sherman proceeded: "And now, fellow-citizens, I gladly turn to those questions of national politics which alike affect all parts of our country, and which alone ought to be the subject of political discussion." He went on to mention them, and he held the question of national taxation to be the most important of all, but he did not even mention protecting colored suffrage.

At Springfield, however, such wrong and protection against it seem to him one of the most vital and pressing of public questions. In his Springfield speech Mr. Sherman admits that the Republicans did not deal with the question under General Grant's administration, and that the Force Bill was not passed by a Republican Congress because of Republican sentiment in the Northern States against it. Moreover, President Arthur treated the question as practically settled, so far as the national government was concerned, and a Republican Supreme Court could not sustain the constitutionality of the acts that were passed to protect the rights of the freedmen in the States. All these facts show, not that these were not wrongs, but that the remedy for them was not national, and could not therefore be made a subject of national politics. Mr. Sherman was a member of the cabinet of President Hayes. Did that Administration urge any positive or restrictive policy upon the subject? Was not the Administration virtually denounced by Mr. Blaine as even discriminating in favor of the "rebel" side in certain questions of the election in Southern States? Are the Republicans prepared to define in the campaign of next year a measure which they will sustain to redress the wrongs mentioned by Mr. Sherman? If the situation be, indeed, as he described it at Nashville, if the only constitutional remedy lies in the courts or in emigration, and in the enlightenment of local public opinion, is the Springfield speech an illustration of the manner in which local public opinion can best be influenced to right the wrongs?

What is the Southern question? It is essentially one of the gravest and most vital that can concern any community, for it is substantially the question whether where the colored vote is largely in the majority, and is cast all together, the community shall be placed under the government of its most ignorant class, recently emancipated from a dehumanizing slavery, and led by unscrupulous chiefs. The pitiless cruelty of slavery was not a good school for the exercise of political supremacy in an otherwise highly civilized community, and the situation in some parts of the Southern States is one which, could it be reproduced in the Northern States, would not be tolerated. Relief would be sought and found under law or over law, and that is what is done in such communities in the Southern States. There is plainly a deprivation of rights conferred by law. But would any humane and intelligent Republican say that the power of the United States should be employed to compel submission to an endless rule like that of Moses in South Carolina? Republicans could not and would not say so, and therefore the Force Bill was not passed, and it is to the credit of Mr. Blaine that he opposed it, although he insisted afterward that if Mr. Hayes was elected, so was the Republican Governor. The most intelligent colored citizens in the Southern States do not look to national interference to secure their complete political rights, but to the differences that will spring up among the dominant voters in the State when they are not united by fear of colored ascendency. And one point is clear and conclusive: either the power to correct an acknowledged deprivation of legal political rights in the State should be given to the national government, if it does not now possess it, or if such power cannot be constitutionally given, and if its exercise, should it be conferred, would not be justified by the rest of the country, the demand for such power should cease, and with the relegation of the subject to the State and to the control of its public opinion the action of all good citizens elsewhere should be directed to affecting that public opinion toward practical relief. Calling Southerners rebels and the Democratic party the left wing of the new Confederate army will neither help the colored citizens nor redress any wrong, and if that kind of rhetoric did not rally Republicans a dozen years ago to support the Force Bill, it will hardly carry an election now.

MR. O'BRIEN AND THE IRISH QUESTION.

Mr. William O'Brien's visit to Canada and the United States would have excited little comment probably except for the mobs which attacked him in the Dominion, and the effort of the Labor party to use him for their purposes in New York. These two incidents were of great service to him. The Canadian assaults made him the hero of free speech, and the New York meeting enabled him to show his good sense. It was natural that the citizens of Irish birth in the city, who take a deep interest in the controversy between Ireland and England, should wish to pay respect to one of the Irish leaders, and a large Irish meeting and demonstration were to be expected. But such a demonstration, if designed in good faith, would of course aim to serve the cause of which Mr. O'Brien was the representative. It was therefore most proper that he should know who were to take a prominent part in it, and what the tenor of the resolutions would be. When he saw that the resolutions declared the cause of home rule to be identical with the nationalization of land, he objected to the statement as untrue; and when he learned that the chairman was to be the gentleman who had recently presided at a meeting which was addressed by a person accused of complicity in the Phœnix Park assassinations, he requested that another chairman should be selected.

This simple and inevitable attitude of Mr. O'Brien led to the disclosure of the fact that, after all, the meeting was not intended as a mark of respect to him so much as a demonstration of the Labor party, whose prestige his presence was to enhance. Mr. O'Brien of course refused to appear. The meeting was devoted to denunciation of him, and his speech at a dinner given to him on the eve of his departure was devoted to justifying his refusal. These were the apparent points of his visit to New York. But they were not the most significant. The two really important points were the evident secession from Tammany Hall of a large number of voters as Labor men, and the equally evident fact that the farewell dinner to Mr. O'Brien was not so much an expression of American as of Irish sympathy. Letters were read from several conspicuous Americans, but they were sympathetic letters of excuse. Indeed, so many of the speeches and letters in this country upon the Irish question are made and written with reference to American politics that a very mistaken view of American opinion upon that question can be easily entertained. The real American view we suppose to be this, that the policy of what in America we call local self-government is probably the solution of the Irish question, which has steadily refused to be settled by any policy hitherto tried by the British government.

This opinion, however, does not include or imply approval and admiration of everything said and done by Irish leaders and leagues; and when an American politician at a dinner to an Irish leader thanks God that he has not a drop of English blood in his veins, he speaks for himself, and not for other Americans who are not ashamed of the blood that dictated the Charter at Runnymede, and beat in the heart of John Hampden, and planted New England, and more than any other single force has made America. In the same way Mr. Gladstone unquestionably commands general American sympathy, not because of the details of his Irish bill, which are little known here, but solely because he is accepted as the representative of the policy of home rule, as we understand it in this country. But we do not understand by home rule dissolution of the empire, as we do not understand by State rights dissolution of the Union. If there are Irishmen who would take up arms to secure separation and independence of the English connection, we do not believe that their project is regarded with the sympathy or is approved by the general judgment of intelligent Americans. Englishmen and Irishmen, however, see little expression of real American opinion upon the Irish question. What they do see is the Irish press in this country, and the domestic partisan press, which intends not to alienate the Irish vote.

THE PROPOSED CATHEDRAL IN NEW YORK.

The generous and eloquent appeal of Bishop Potter for the erection of a Protestant Cathedral in New York, worthy in its spacious magnificence of the greatest city and in its liberal purpose of the most cosmopolitan city upon the continent, has attracted universal attention. Not as what the Puritans would have called the meeting-house of a sect, but as a temple of the Christian faith, of the Divine goodness and power, and of the charity which in thought and deed is the finest fruit of pure religion and undefiled, the Cathedral proposed by the Bishop is in strict accord with his own large and catholic spirit, and with the especial requirements of this community. The suggestion has been received in the same spirit by those who know the profound value to a neighborhood of the constant and attractive opportunity even of brief meditation upon the things which are unseen but eternal. A noble monument of art, a temple rich in every form of lofty beauty, whose vastness and silence and repose, whose stately function and inspiring and tender association, touch deeply the imagination, and themselves furnish the scene and the incitement to spiritual meditation, a temple always open, free to every comer, consecrated to pure and holy influences, is a perpetual public benediction.

The project of such an edifice in a huge mart of trade, addressed to a people supposed to be especially immersed in material interests, without the associations of art, without pride in ancient and historic buildings, accustomed to plain and temporary houses of worship, and whose religious traditions have always emphasized the scripture that God is a spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth, may seem daring to those who forget both the power of sentiment upon the American mind and the immense liberality of the American disposition. A cathedral such as the Bishop portrays, divested so far as practicable of all merely sectarian character, and in the truest sense universal, opening wide its doors to every man who would seek religious consolation either in praise or prayer or silent thought and aspiration, is the one great opportunity for all men of every condition which this great city now lacks, and which the strong statement of the want will go far to supply.

That the suggestion is in its spirit and purpose truly catholic is shown by its reception by men of various religious communions. It is of course to be expected that the regular administration of such a temple will be conducted by those whose religious views admit an imposing ritual. But in the forms of worship, however tastes may differ, union is always possible, while in the preaching and exhortation of a truly catholic or universal cathedral only the great truths which all Christendom accepts, the original and eternal verities which made the founder of Christianity declare, "Before Abraham was, I am," would be the unintermitted lesson of the day. Denominational dogma would be unknown, and the gospel of the Cathedral would be that of Christ himself, the eternal fatherhood of God and the eternal brotherhood of man. In considering the suggestion of such a cathedral no one need ask whether the costly box should not rather be sold and the money given to the poor. Rising from such impulses and for such purposes, the Cathedral would constantly foster the spirit which is the very essence of charity, and in the community which builds such a temple to-day charity would achieve more and more her perfect work. It is, indeed, a great and costly enterprise, but in a broad and not a denominational aspect it is worthy of the community and of the country, and in itself it will be a monument, amid material prosperity and worldly splendor, of the profound conviction, which is the spring of the noblest life, that man does not live by bread alone.

FREE SPEECH.

What we said recently of the folly of the Canadians in the riotous demonstrations against Mr. O'Brien is equally applicable to the feeling in parts of the Southern States which insisted upon cancelling an engagement with Mr. Cable, who was announced to lecture. The only reason alleged for this action was that Mr. Cable's views upon certain questions are not agreeable to many persons. Under such circumstances nothing is more natural than that those who do not agree with him, or who warmly differ from him, should not attend a lecture in which he proposed to expound such views. But that those who did not wish to hear should assume to prevent those from hearing who desired to hear was a gross violation of that comity of liberty and of free speech which we are accustomed to call peculiarly American. It would be certainly very remarkable if those who do not share Mr. Ingersoll's views of Christianity, or who do not wish to hear him lecture upon them, should for those reasons undertake to prevent others from listening if they choose, under the plea that public opinion condemned them. Who is the authorized representative of public opinion in such a matter? and what new view upon an important question has public opinion ever received with sympathy and agreement upon its first announcement?

But we understand that the objection was not urged to the lecture that Mr. Cable was to deliver, but against Mr. Cable himself. He was so unwelcome, and his views upon one subject were so distasteful, that he was not to be heard upon any subject. This is a form of intolerance which is absolutely inconsistent with the spirit of liberty. In the old antebellum days there were lecture lyceums in New England and elsewhere that would not invite Wendell Phillips to lecture upon the lost arts or upon street life in Europe because his antislavery views were not the views of the committee or of the lyceum. But to insist that a lecturer shall not be heard upon one subject because of his opinions upon another, to refuse to hear Henry George or Dr. McGlynn upon the midnight sun because their views upon the ownership of land are not acceptable to a committee, is ludicrous in the highest degree. Mr. Wallace, who has been recently lecturing upon certain scientific topics, is one of the highest authorities upon certain branches of science; but ought not a man to have been laughed at who would not hear Mr. Wallace upon evolution because he was a "spiritualist"?

Mr. Cable's views of the proper course to be pursued in the Southern States in regard to colored citizens is a legitimate and an inevitable subject of discussion, and one of great interest to the whole country. Mr. Cable was born in Louisiana, and as an American he has a perfect right to express in a becoming manner anywhere in the country his views upon any question of national interest. Those who do not like him or wish to hear him may stay away. Undoubtedly committees which have invited him to speak may withdraw the invitation. But if the reason of the committee be unwillingness to hear his views upon that subject, or upon any other subject because of his views upon that subject, the committee must expect to be generally condemned and sorely ridiculed. The spirit which produces such conduct is fatal to honest American progress upon honest American principles. Discussion of slavery was absolutely prohibited in the old Southern States, but only because slavery could not bear discussion. If present policies and conduct will not bear discussion in those States, it is because they are felt to be wrong and indefensible. Do the people of Columbia really suppose that the expression by one man of views which they declare to be repugnant to the general opinion of the community are so sure to prevail against that opinion that the speaker must be silenced? The course which would do most to persuade the country that Mr. Cable's views of the subject are unsound would be a quiet hearing and a temperate answer, and an appeal to the final American tribunal, the public judgment. But any form of silencing a man who proposes to discuss a great public question in a proper way is a confession that his views cannot probably be refuted. And to silence him upon all subjects because of his opinions upon one is a proceeding as un-American as it is unworthy of any enlightened community in the nineteenth century.

WILLIAM A. WHEELER.

The praise of the late Vice-President Wheeler, that he was an old-fashioned statesman, is a severe rebuke of the present standards of public life. His qualities were absolute simplicity of character and life, perfect uprightness, and modesty, the truest public spirit, sound judgment, coolness, courage, and intelligent devotion to every trust, without a suspicion of illicit self-seeking. If these are old-fashioned qualities, it is certain that the new fashions can be no better. Mr. Wheeler was about sixty-two years old when he left the Vice-Presidency. There was no purer man, no man of wider experience in public life, of more admirable equipment in character, intelligence, temperament, and training for public service. There was no Republican sincerer or more devoted. But when the party wanted a Senator it preferred Mr. Platt.

In 1876 party feeling in New York, as usual, was very violent. The leader of the Republican party in that State had been a candidate for the Presidential nomination. He had lost it, but his fellow New York Republican, Mr. Wheeler, had been nominated for the Vice-Presidency. During the canvass the leader was undoubtedly very ill, and could take little part in the debate. He made, we believe, but one speech, but, unless our memory is very much at fault, he did not even mention in that speech the name of either candidate. Mr. Wheeler was not the kind of Republican who was acceptable to the ruling influences in the party. But his qualities were such as we have described, and it was not fortunate for the party, as the events have shown, that such men were not acceptable.

In his own immediate community Mr. Wheeler was profoundly respected, trusted, and beloved. He filled many local offices, and he was long the representative of his district in Congress, where his signal administrative ability was illustrated in 1875 by a scheme for pacification in Louisiana, which was adopted by Congress. In 1867 he was President of the New York Constitutional Convention, grave, urbane, of a simple dignity, and perfectly familiar with Parliamentary law. One of the pleasantest recollections of every member of the Convention is the personality of its presiding officer. In his later years Mr. Wheeler's health declined, and his name was seldom mentioned. But few men in the history of the State have illustrated more conspicuously the best qualities of public life, or more truly deserve long and grateful recollection.

PERSONAL.

Four weeks after the opening of the summer season at the Metropolitan Museum 8000 catalogues had been sold and 48,000 visitors welcomed. During the whole year of the exhibition of Mr. Watts's pictures but 12,000 catalogues were sold, which shows the popularity of the gifts recently made by Mr. Vanderbilt, Mr. Senky, and ex-Judge Hilton. Even on the pay days—Mondays and Tuesdays—luncheon-baskets are numerous, and scores of groups of excursionists are seen devouring their contents. The trustees have not yet enacted a law against eating luncheon in the Museum.

—The President of the Ladies' Art Association, Mrs. Emma S. Marsily, has contributed some pertinent observations on the subject of "How Women should Dress" to Mr. De Witt J. Seligman's paper, *The Epoch*. Other participants in the discussion have been Drs. Helen Dinsmore and Eliza de la Vergne, and Mrs. Jenness Miller, the well-known dress reformer.

—The conferring of the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws upon Mr. George W. Childs by the Grant Memorial University of Tennessee has been greeted with approval throughout the country, particularly by his brother editors in Philadelphia. The *Press* declares that it would not be easy to name any one in Philadelphia by whom the active virtues of the upright and public-spirited citizen have been more diligently practised than by Mr. Childs. The *Evening Telegraph* thinks that the Grant Memorial University has honored itself by honoring Mr. Childs. The *Record* says that Dr. Childs deserves all the titles by which appreciative men are accustomed to do honor to good men. The *Evening Bulletin* finds that the honor has seldom been conferred upon any citizen more deserving of being so complimented; and the *Evening Call* adds that no degree can supplant that which Mr. Childs has rightfully earned as the foremost citizen of the republic.

—With rare exceptions, the appreciative spectators of such pictures as those of Delacroix, Puvis de Chavannes, Renoir, and Monet, at the Academy of Design, are not artists, but amateurs. Many of the Academicians find neither amusement nor profit in them. Mr. Daniel Huntington, however, the President of the Academy, is a man of catholic taste, and, like the late Mr. Kensett, discovers something of interest in almost every painting that is brought to his attention.

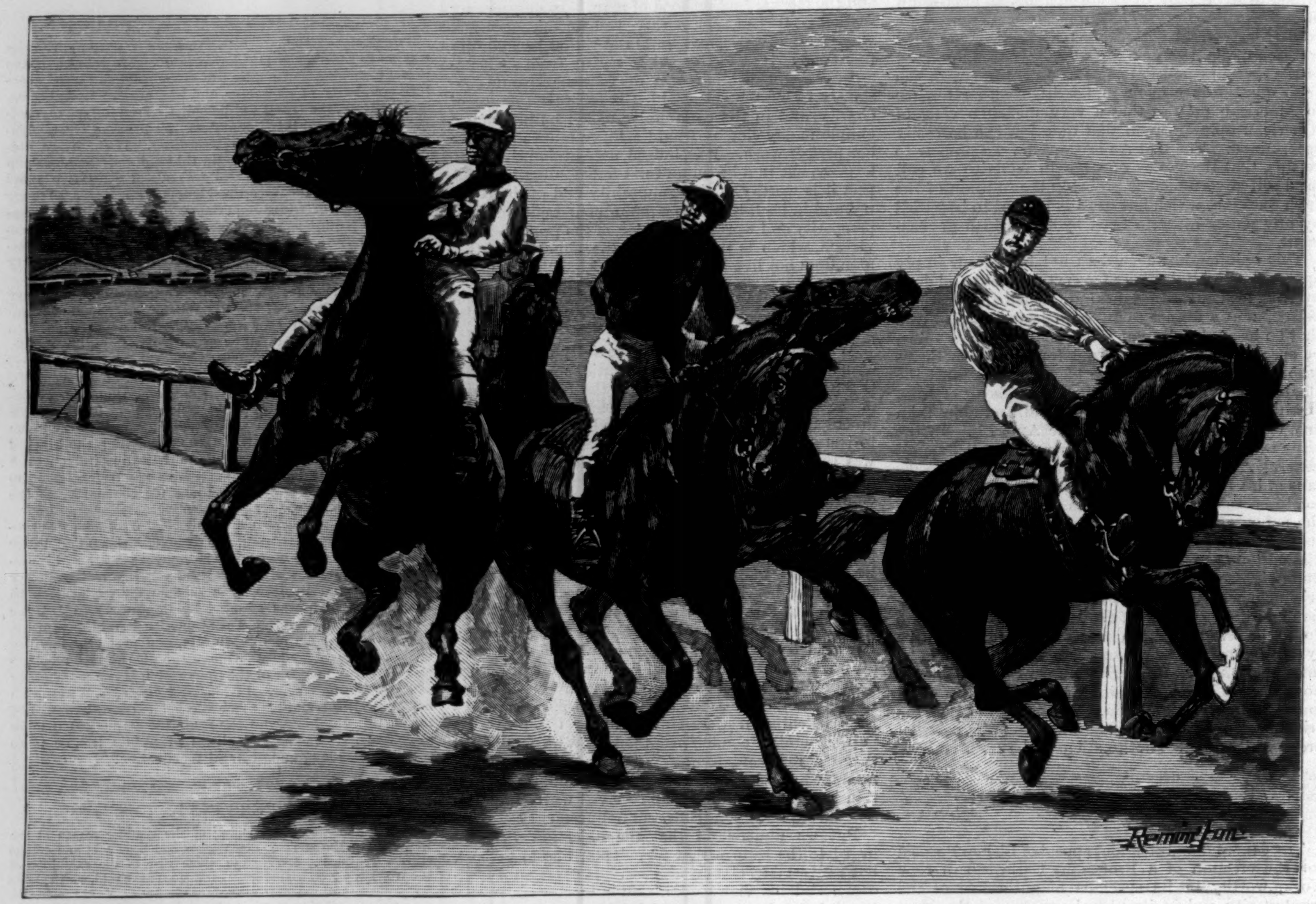
—Mr. Donald Mackenzie, of the British and Foreign Anti-slavery Society, has been deputed to convey to the Sultan of Morocco an address praying his Highness to prevent his subjects from carrying on the slave-trade, and reminding him that the rulers of the Mahommedan countries of Egypt, Turkey, Tunis, and Zanzibar have pledged themselves by treaties with Great Britain to stop the slave-trade in their dominions.

—Mr. Daniel Cottier has been much missed in this city since a year ago last December, when he left for London. A most companionable man, with a large soul in a large body, he was for ten years the admiration of a select circle of advanced artists. The pictures that he imported were very modern in spirit and very accomplished in technique, and of little interest to the average Philistine, and his conversation on art was remarkably intelligent, vital, and sincere. He expects to return as soon as his health will permit. His wife, son, and two daughters are with him in his London home.

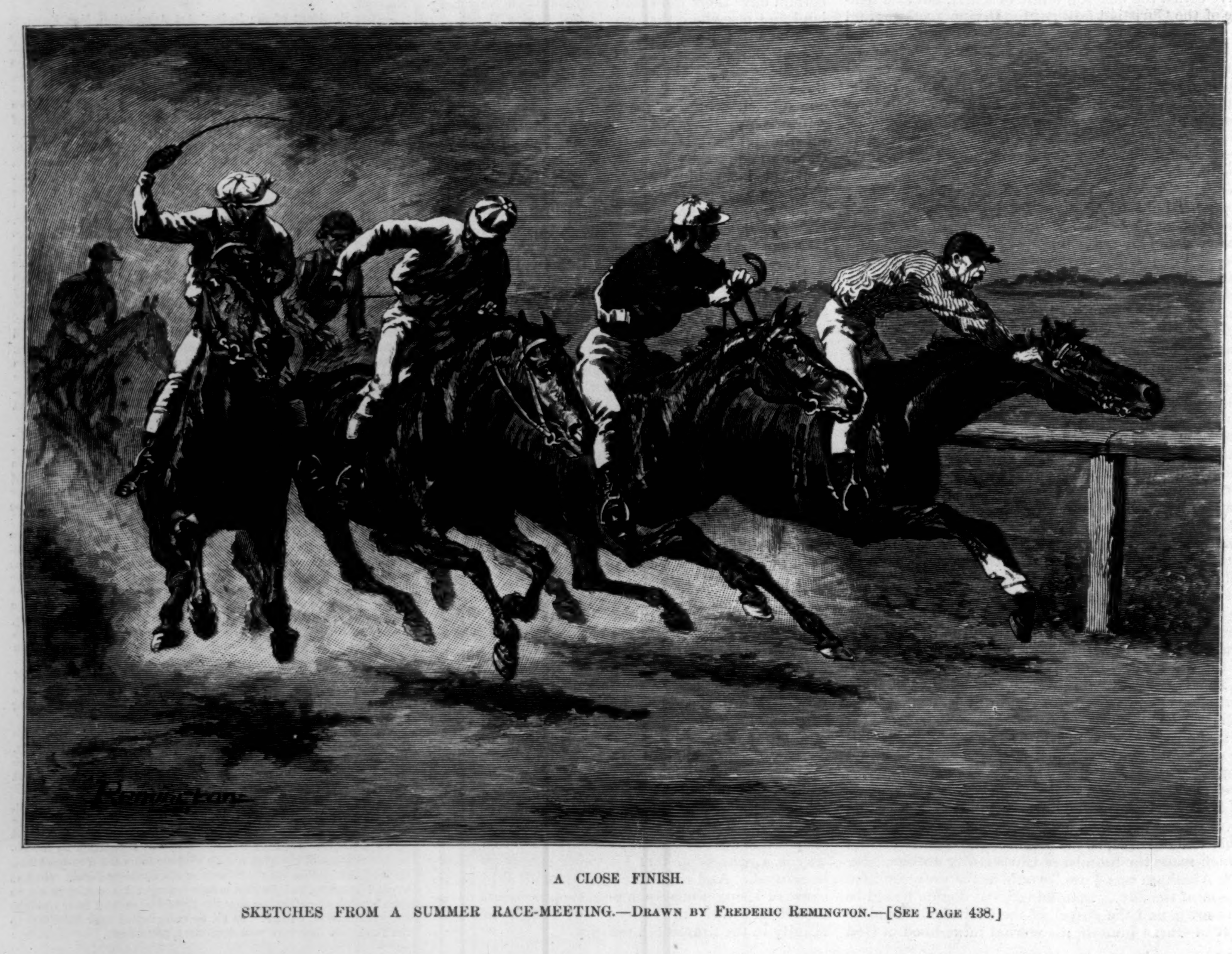
—Lieutenant-General Sheridan will spend the latter part of June and nearly all July in Chicago. He is the president of the Jockey Club there, and seldom fails to attend the races, officiating nearly every day on the judges' stand.

—At the June dinner of the Boston Papyrus Club a subscription paper for the Walt Whitman cottage was well received. Mr. John Boyle O'Reilly headed it with twenty-five dollars, and the young literary men, who chiefly compose the club, followed suit liberally, according to their means.

—It was expected that the statue of Gridley, the Californian, who did so much for the Sanitary Commission Fund in the days of the war, would be ready to dedicate on Decoration Day, but it failed to arrive. Gridley gained a national reputation by his eccentric scheme of carrying a sack of flour from town to town and selling it at auction for the benefit of the Sanitary Fund. He was a good speaker, and he frequently wrought his audience up to such a pitch of patriotism that the historical sack of flour brought several thousand dollars. In all he contributed over $300,000 to the fund, and therefore well deserves a monument.

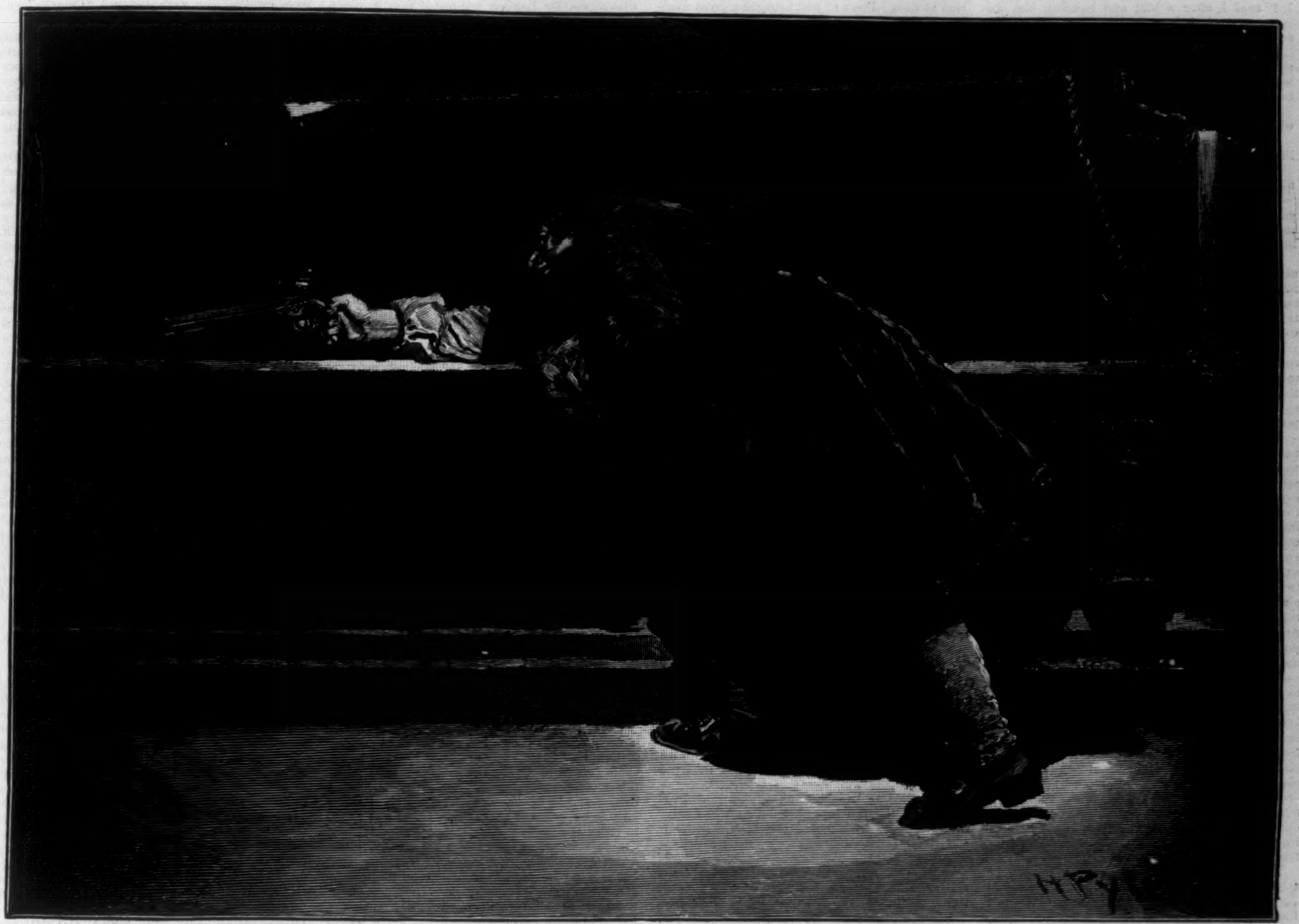


A FALSE START.



A CLOSE FINISH.

SKETCHES FROM A SUMMER RACE-MEETING.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.—[See Page 438.]



"'BOAT, AHOY!' I CRIED OUT, AND THEN LEVELLED MY PISTOL AND FIRED."

THE ROSE OF PARADISE,*

Being a detailed account of certain adventures that happened to Captain John Mackra, in connection with the famous pirate Edward England, in the year 1720, *off the Island of Jehanna, in the Mozambique Channel; writ by himself, and now for the first time published.*

By HOWARD PYLE.

IV.

I DID not go upon deck immediately after Mr. Longways had left the cabin, but sat there concerned with a great multitude of thoughts, and gazing absently at the box that held the treasure, and at the empty glasses with the dregs of the wine in the bottom.

Just in front of me was a small looking-glass fastened against the port side of the cabin in such position that by merely raising my eyes I could see the cabin door from where I sat.

In the upper part of the door was a little window of two panes of glass, which opened out under the overhang of the poop-deck.

Though I do not know what it was, something led me to glance up from where I sat, and in the glass I saw Captain Leach looking in at that window with a mightily strange expression on his face. He was not looking at me, but at the iron dispatch-box upon the table, and I sat gazing at him for about the space of eight or ten seconds, in which time he moved neither his glance nor his person. Suddenly he lifted his eyes and looked directly into the glass, and his gaze met mine. I had thought that he would have been struck with confusion, and for a moment it did seem as though his look faltered, but he instantly recovered himself, and tapped lightly upon the door, and I bade him come in without moving where I sat.

He did as he was told, and sat down upon the chair which Mr. Longways had occupied only a few moments before. I confess that I was both frightened and angry at finding him thus, as it were, spying upon me, so that it was a moment or two before I trusted myself to speak.

"Sir," said I at last, "sure this voyage hath been long enough for you to know that the courtesies of shipboard require you to send a message to the captain to find whether he be disengaged or no."

Captain Leach showed no emotion at my reproof. "Captain Mackra," said he, quietly, "I do not know what that gabbling fool of an agent has or has not said to you, but I tell you plain he hath chosen to betray to me certain important matters concerning the East India Company, and that in yonder dispatch-box is a large ruby, valued at nigh three hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling."

I may confess that I was vastly amazed at the value of the stone, which was far greater than I had conceived a notion of, but I strove to show nothing of my sentiments to my interlocutor.

"Well, sir?" said I, looking him straight in the face.

He seemed somewhat struck aback at my manner, but he presently laughed lightly. "You take the matter with most admirable coolness," said he; "far more than I would do were I in your place. But at least you will now perceive why I chose rather to come to you of myself than to send a messenger to you where a matter of such delicacy was concerned."

"Well, sir?" said I.

Captain Leach looked for a moment or two as though at a loss what next to say, but he presently spoke again. "I came to you," said he, "not knowing, as I said before, whether or no Mr. Longways had betrayed to you, as he has to me, the value of the trust imposed upon you, and as I myself am now unfortunately concerned in the knowledge of this treasure, and so share in your responsibility, I come hither to discover what steps you propose taking to insure the safety of the stone."

Now it hath come under my observation that if a man be permitted to talk without let or stay, he will sooner or later betray that which lieth upon his mind. So from the very moment that Captain Leach uttered his last speech I conceived the darkest and most sinister suspicions of his purposes, nor from that time did I trust one single word that he said, or repose confidence in any of his actions, but was ready to see in everything something to awaken my doubts of his rectitude. Nor did these sentiments arise entirely from his words, but equally as much from my having discovered him, as it were, so prying upon my privacy.

"Sir," said I, rising from my seat, "I am infinitely obliged to you for your kindness in this affair, but as I have at present matters of considerable import that demand my closest attention, I must beg you to excuse me."

Captain Leach looked at me for a moment or two as though he had it upon his mind to say something further. However, he did not speak, but rising, delivered a very profound bow, and left the cabin without another word. But there was no gainsaying the wisdom of the advice which he had given me as to concealing the treasure. Accordingly I obtained from the carpenter a basket of tools, and bearing in mind the late visit with which he had favored me, having shaded the little window in the door of my cabin, I stripped off my coat and waistcoat, and after an hour or so of work, made shift to rig up a very snug little closet with a hinged door, in the bottom of my berth and below the mattress, wherein I hid the jewel. After that I breathed more freely, for I felt that the treasure could not be discovered without a long and careful search, the opportunities for which were not likely to occur. Although my interview with Captain Leach might seem of small and inconsiderable moment to any one coolly reading this narrative in the privacy of his closet, yet coming to me as it did upon the heels of my other interview with Mr. Longways, it cast me into such disquietude of spirit as I had not felt for a long time. I would have heaved anchor and away, without losing one single minute of delay, had it been possible for me to have done so; but not a breath of air was stirring, and there was nothing for it but to ride at anchor where we were, though, what with the heat and delay, it was all that I could do not to chafe myself into a fume of impatience.

So passed the day until about four o'clock in the afternoon, when there happened a certain thing, that, had thunder and lightning burst from a clear sky, it could not have amazed me more. I being in my cabin at the time, comes Mr. Langely, my first mate, with the strange news that the lookout had sighted a vessel over the point of land to the southward. I could hardly accredit what he said, for, as above stated, not a breath of air was going. I hurried out of my cabin and upon deck, where I found Mr. White, the second mate, standing at the port side of the ship, with a glass in his hand directed a few points west of south, and over a spit of land which ran out in the channel toward that quarter, at which place the cape was covered by a mightily thick growth of scrub bushes, with here and there a tall palm-tree rising from the midst of the thickets. Over beyond these I could see the thin white masts of the vessel that the lookout had sighted. There was no need of the glass, for I could see her plain enough, though not of what nature she might be. However, I took the telescope from Mr. White's hands, and made a long and careful survey of the stranger, but as much to hide my thoughts as for any satisfaction that I could gain; for what confounded me beyond measure was that a vessel should be sighted so suddenly, and in a dead calm, where I felt well assured no craft had been for days past. Nor was I less amazed to find, as I held the stranger steadfastly in the circle of the object-glass, a tall palm-tree being almost betwixt the *Cassandra* and her, and almost directly in my line of sight, that she was slowly and steadily making way toward the northward, and at a very considerable angle with the Gulf current, which there had a set more to the westward than where we lay at anchor.

I think that all or nearly all of my passengers were upon the poop-deck at that time, Captain Leach with a pocket field-glass which he had fetched with him from England, and with which he was directing Mistress Pamela's observation to the strange craft. Nearly all the crew were also watching her by this time, and in a little while they perceived what I had seen from the first—that the vessel was by some contrivance making head without a breath of wind, and nearly against the Gulf current.

As for the stranger herself, so far as I could judge, seeing nothing of her hull, she was a bark of somewhat less tonnage than the *Cassandra;* and the masts, which we could perceive very clearly against the clear sky, had a greater rake than any I had ever before seen.

I do not know whether or not it was because my mind was running so much upon the pirates and upon the great treasure which I had in my keeping, but I am free to say that I liked the looks of the strange craft as little as any I had ever beheld in my life, and would have given a hundred guineas to be safe away from where I was, and with no more favor than a good open sea and a smart breeze, for the *Cassandra* was a first-rate sailer, and as good a ship as any the East India Company had at their docks.

As it was, we were cooped up in what was little more than a pond, and I did not like the looks of the business at all.

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1590.

"What do you make her out to be, Mr. Langely?" said I, after a bit; and handing him the glass, he took a long and careful look at the stranger without speaking for a while.

By-and-by he said, without taking his eye from the glass, and as though speaking half to himself, "She's making way against the current somehow or other."

"Yes," said I; "I saw that from the first. But what do you make of her?"

"I can make nothing of her," says he, after a little bit.

"Neither can I," said I; "and I like her none the better for that."

Mr. Langely took his eye from the glass, and gave me a very significant look, whereby I saw that he had very much the same notion concerning the stranger that I myself entertained.

By this time there was considerable bustle aboard the *Greenwich*, which rode at anchor not more than a furlong or two from where we lay, and by the gathering of the men on the forecastle I could see that they had sighted the craft, as we had already done.

So the afternoon passed until six o'clock had come, against which time the stranger had almost come into open sight beyond the cape to the south, the hull alone being hidden by the low spit of sand which formed the extremity of the point.

That evening I took my supper along with the passengers, as I had been used to do, for I wished to appear unconcerned, as, after all, my suspicions might be altogether groundless. Nevertheless I came upon deck again as soon as I was able, and found that the stranger was now so far come into sight as to show a part of her hull, which was low and painted black, and was of such an appearance as anything but to lessen my serious suspicions of her nature. I could see there were two whale-boats ahead of her, and it was very plain to me that it was by means of these that the bark was making head against the current. At first I was more than ever amazed at this, seeing that the current at that point could not run at less than the rate of two or three knots an hour, against which two boats could not hope to tow a craft of her size without some contrivance to aid their efforts. Every now and then I could hear the clicking of the capstan, as though the vessel was heaving anchor, and, led by this sound, I after a while perceived how she was making way, though if I had not seen the same plan used in the Strait of Malacca by the *City of Worcester*, when I was there in the year '17, I much misdoubt whether I could have so readily discovered the design which they were in this instance using. As it was, I was not long in finding out what they were about.

The two boats ahead of the strange craft were towing a square sail through the water by a line fastened to the middle of the same. From all four corners of this sail ran good stout ropes, which were made fast to the anchor cable of the bark. The two boats might tow this square through the water easily enough by that one line fastened to the middle, because the sail would then close and so slip easily through the water; but so soon as the bark began to haul upon it from all four corners it spread out as though filled with wind, and so offered a vast resistance to the water. By this contrivance the bark was making headway at about the rate of a knot an hour against the current, so that by seven o'clock she was clear out beyond the cape and into the open water beyond.

At that time the sun had not yet gone down, and the distant vessel stood out against the reddish-gray sky to the eastward, with all the cordage and the masts as sharp as so many hairs and straws in the red light of the setting sun. I was standing just under the poop-deck at the time, with the glass to my eye, when, of a sudden, I saw something black begin rising from the deck to the fore. There was not enough breeze going to spread it, but I knew as well as anything in all of my life that it was the "Black Roger," and that the white that I could see amongst the folds was the wicked sign of the "skull and cross-bones," which those bloody and cruel wretches are pleased to adopt as the ensign of their trade. Nor were we long in doubt as to their design, for even as I watched I saw a sudden puff of white smoke go up from her side and hang motionlessly in the still air, whilst a second or two later sounded the dull and heavy boom of the distant cannon, and a round shot came skipping across the water from wave to wave, though too far away and with too poor aim to do any damage from that distance, which could not have been less than two miles.

"What does that mean, captain?" said Mistress Pamela, who stood with the other passengers observing the bark from the poop-deck above.

"A salute, madam," said I, and so shut my glass and went into my cabin, where Mr. Langely presently joined me at my request, and where we talked over this very ugly piece of business at our leisure.

V.

In those hot latitudes, such as Madagascar, the darkness cometh very sudden after sunset, and with no long twilights such as we have in England, so that within half an hour after the pirate had saluted us with a round shot, as told above, it had passed from daylight to night-time, and there being no moon until about four o'clock in the morning, it was very dark, with an infinite quantity of stars shining most beautifully in the sky.

I ordered my gig to be made ready, and went aboard the *Greenwich*, where I found Captain Kirby suffering under the utmost consternation of spirits. He took me straight to his cabin, where, when we were set down, he fell to blaming himself most severely for not having clapped the fourteen pirates in chains whom he had found on the island upon his arrival at that place, and who, it was very plain to see, had given such information to their fellows as had brought a great number of them down upon us.

So soon as I was able I checked him in his self-reproaches. "Come, come, Captain Kirby," says I, "'tis no time for vain regrets, but rather to be thinking to protect ourselves and those things that we have in trust from these bloody wretches, who would strip us of all."

So, after a while, he quieted in some measure, and the captain of the Ostender coming aboard about this time, we made shift betwixt us to settle some sort of a plan for mutual protection.

According to my suggestions it was determined to get out warps upon the port side of all three crafts, which now lay heading toward the south, because of the set of the current. By means of these warps the vessels might be brought to lie athwart the channel, which was so narrow at this place that, should the pirate craft venture into the harbor, she would be raked by all three in turn. These matters being settled, I returned to the *Cassandra* again.

That night I had but little sleep, but was in and out of my cabin continually. Whenever I was upon the deck I could hear the "click, click, click" of the capstan aboard the pirate vessel, sounding more clearly through the dampness of the night than in the daytime. There was still not a breath of air going, and I thought it likely that the pirate intended making her way into the harbor that night, but about three o'clock in the morning the noise of working the capstan ceased, and I fancied that I heard a sound as of dropping anchor, though I could make out nothing through the darkness even with the night-glass.

Nor was I mistaken in my surmise that the pirate craft had come to anchor, for when the day broke I perceived that she lay between two and three miles away, just outside of the capes, and directly athwart the channel, being stayed by warps, broadside on, as we ourselves were in the harbor, so as to rake any vessel that should endeavor to come out, as we might rake any that would endeavor to come in.

As this day also was very quiet, with not a breath of wind stirring, I expected that the pirate would open fire, though at such a long range. However, this she did not do; but lay there as though watching us, and as though to hold us where we were until some opportunity or other had ripened. And so came the night again, with nothing more of note having happened than the day before.

Ever since we had lain at this spot native canoes (called by the sailors bumboats) had come from the shore from day to day, laden with fruit and fresh provisions, which are most delicious, refreshing luxuries after a prolonged sea-voyage, such as ours had been. That day they had come as usual, though there was little humor for bartering with them upon such a serious occasion.

However, I had observed, and not without surprise, that Captain Leach, though he knew the nature of the pirate craft, and the serious situation in our affairs, appeared so little affected by the danger which threatened us that he bought a lot of fresh fruit, as usual, and held a great deal of conversation with one of the natives, who spoke a sort of English which he had picked up from our traders.

I had not thought much of this at the time, although, as I had observed before, it was not without surprise that I beheld what he did; beyond this I reckoned nothing of it, nor would have done so further had not matters of the utmost importance afterward recalled it to my attention.

That night I had no more appetite for sleep than the night before, and finding little rest or ease in my cabin, was up upon deck for most of the time. Though I did not choose just then to hold conversation with my passengers, I noticed that they were all upon deck, where they sat talking together in low tones. As the night advanced, however, they betook themselves to their cabins, one after another, until only Captain Leach was left sitting alone.

He remained there for maybe the space of half an hour, without moving a hair's-breadth, so far as I could see. At the end of about that length of time, and being in a mightily anxious state, I stepped forward to see for myself that the watch was keeping a sharp lookout. I was not gone for more than a minute or two, but when I came back I saw that Captain Leach was no longer where he had been before; yet although I noticed this circumstance at the time, I gave no more thought to it than I would upon an ordinary occasion.

As there was no one on the poop, I myself went up upon that deck, it being so much cooler there than on the quarter-deck below. I took out my pipe and filled it, thinking to have a quiet smoke, which is a most efficacious manner of soothing any perturbation or fermentation of spirits. Just as I was about to strike my flint for a light, I heard a noise under the stern-sheets, as of some one stepping into a boat, and almost immediately afterward a slight splash, as of an oar or a paddle dipped into the water. I ran hastily to the side of the vessel, and looked astern and into the water below.

Although the sky was clear, the night was excessively dark, as one may often see it in those tropical latitudes; yet I was as well assured that a boat of some sort had left the ship as if I had seen it in broad daylight, because of the phosphorescent trail which it left behind it in its wake.

I had slipped a pistol into my belt before quitting my cabin, and as I hailed the boat I drew it and cocked it, for I thought that the whole occurrence was of a mightily suspicious nature. As I more than half expected, I got no answer. "Boat, ahoy!" I cried out a second time, and then, almost immediately, levelled my pistol and fired, for I saw that whoever the stranger was, he had no mind to give me an answer.

At the report of the pistol both Mr. Langely and Mr. White came running to where I was, and I explained the suspicious circumstances to them, whereupon Mr Langely suggested that it might have been a shark that I had seen, vast quantities of which voracious animals dwell in those and the neighboring waters. I did not controvert what he said, although I knew beyond a doubt that it was a craft of some sort which I had discovered—possibly a canoe, for the dip of the paddle, which I had distinctly seen in the phosphorescence of the water, appeared first upon the one side of the wake and then upon the other, as the blade was dipped into the water from side to side, so although, as I said, I did not undertake to controvert Mr. Langely's opinion, I was mightily discomposed in my own mind concerning the business.

At this time there was a vast deal of disturbance aboard the *Greenwich* and the Ostender because of my hail and the discharge of the pistol, which, however, soon quieted down when they found that nothing further followed upon the alarm.

I walked up and down the poop-deck for a great while, endeavoring to conceive what could be the meaning of the boat, which had most undoubtedly been lying under the stern of the *Cassandra*, and how it came that the watch had failed so entirely to discover its arrival. It would not have been possible for an ordinary ship's boat to come upon us so undiscovered, for, as I myself knew, the watch were keeping a sharper lookout than usual; therefore this circumstance, together with that which I had above observed concerning my opinion that the craft had been rowed with a paddle, led me to conclude that it was one of the native canoes, though I was as far as ever from guessing what the object of the visit had been, or what it portended. As I sat ruminating upon this subject, looking straight ahead of me, without thinking whither my observation was directed, I presently perceived that I was looking absently at the spot where Captain Leach had been sitting a little while before. This led me to think of him, and from him of the jewel that was in my keeping, and of its excessive value. Of a sudden it flashed into my mind, as quick as lightning, what if Captain Leach should have it in his mind to practise some treachery upon as all?

I may truly say that this thought would never have entered my brains had not the circumstance of Captain Leach's conversation with me in my cabin tended to set it there. But no sooner had this gloomy suspicion found place in my mind than it and those troubles which had beset me of late, and the loss of that sleep which I had failed to enjoy the night before, together cast me into such a ferment of spirits as I hope I may never again experience. Nor could I reason my mind out of what I could not but feel might be insane and unreasonable fancyings.

At last I could bear my uncertanties no longer, but went down into the great cabin, and so to the door of the berth which Captain Leach occupied. I knocked softly upon the door, and then waited awhile, but received no answer. After that I knocked again, and louder, but with no better success than before. Finding I was like to have no answer to my knocking, I tried the door, and found that it was locked.

My heart began to beat at a great rate at all this; but I suddenly bethought me that perhaps the captain was a sound sleeper and not easily roused. If this were so, and he were in his cabin, and had locked the door upon himself, I could easily convince myself of the fact, for it hardly could be doubted but that the key would be in the key-hole. I drew out my pocket-knife, opened a small blade which it contained, and thrust it into the key-hole. There was no key there! This discovery acted upon my spirits in such a manner that a douse of water could not have cooled me quicker, for now that my worst suspicions were so far confirmed—for I felt well assured that Captain Leach was nowhere aboard the ship—my perturbation left me, and I grew of a sudden as calm as I am at this very moment. However, to make matters more assured, I rapped again upon the door of the cabin, and this time with more vigor than before; but although I repeated the knocking four or five times, I received no answer, and so went upon deck to consider the matter at my leisure.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE ACTORS' MONUMENT.

On Monday, June 6, a monument was dedicated in what is known as the Actors' Fund Plot of the Evergreens Cemetery. This enclosure was purchased by the Actors' Fund Association of America, in order to provide a suitable burial-place for those unfortunate players whose funeral rites and last resting-place must be furnished by charity. The simple granite shaft rises from a little knoll in the plot to a height of forty-five feet above the polished base. On one of its faces is this inscription:

> "In loving and reverent memory of many votaries of the stage whose ashes are buried near it, this monument was placed here by the Actors' Fund of America, June, 1887.
>
> "'The benediction of these covering heavens
> Fall on their heads like dew.'"

On the opposite face are these lines, composed by Mr. William Winter:

> "Here to your eyes, our earthly labors done,
> We who played many parts now play but one.
> We knew the stops, could give the viol breath,
> But now are only monitors of death;
> Yet even thus our relics may impart
> A truth beyond the reach of living art,
> Teaching the strong, the beautiful, the brave,
> That all life's pathways centre in the grave;
> Bidding them live, nor negligent nor fond,
> To bless the world, yet ever look beyond."

The monument was tastefully decorated with immortelles at the dedication exercises, while two wreaths of flowers were hung in front, with a silk banner inscribed, "We honor those who have honored the profession." Two white silk flags on the side were lettered "Comedy" and "Tragedy."

The exercises of dedication were conducted amidst a throng of spectators. One platform was erected for the speakers and guests, and another for the choir, made up from the choruses of the Casino, Standard, McCaull, and Pyramid companies, under the direction of Mr. Jesse Williams, while the Seventh Regiment band furnished the instrumental music. After a selection from Rossini's *Moses in Egypt*, the Rev. Dr. Houghton, of the Church of the Transfiguration, offered the prayer, and then Mr. A. M. Palmer, as President of the Actors' Fund, delivered an appropriate address. A hymn, "In the Evergreens," composed for the occasion by Mr. G. E. Montgomery, followed. Then Mr Edwin Booth made a brief, pertinent address. When the band had played "The Lost Chord," Mr. Winter read an elegy entitled "Anubis," written by him for the dedication. Then came the "Hallelujah Chorus" from the *Messiah*, most effectively rendered. After the benediction had been pronounced by Dr. Houghton a delegation of the Knights of Pythias placed a triangle of flowers on the shaft. Then the great crowd, which included many well-known actors and actresses, dispersed.

At the annual meeting of the Actors' Fund Association, held the following day, President Palmer's address showed very clear evidence of the flourishing condition of the society and of the activity of its work. It has 1046 members, and during the six years of its continuance has received $121,184, and laid out $76,599 for charitable purposes. Last year there were 217 cases of relief and 44 burials provided for, which is slightly more than the average for the six years. The surplus fund is now $34,264. The interest in the Fund was shown by a very large attendance of members.

THE AMERICAN TURF.

The innate love of horses and horse-racing among the healthy of the human race has never been exemplified better than in this country during the last quarter of a century. Before the war flat-racing was confined principally to the South. Now it is the greatest sporting institution of the North, and nowhere will larger fields or better races be seen than on the track at Jerome or Monmouth Park, Sheepshead Bay, or the grounds of the Brooklyn Jockey Club. This competition naturally has tended greatly to improve the breed of blooded stock, but Kentucky still holds the palm for turning out the best yearlings at the large annual sales there. The West and California also now send their quota of horses to do battle for the valuable prizes that all the racing associations give, and "Lucky" Baldwin and J. B. Haggins's stables generally make a good fight for them. Flat-racing is now continued all the year round. As soon as the races in this part of the country are over the animals travel to New Orleans, Nashville, Baltimore, and even out to California, and by winning races also win their winter feed.

With some owners racing is a business, but others, like Pierre Lorillard, who was the first American to win the English Derby, "the blue ribbon of the turf," with Iroquois, August Belmont, A. J. Cassatt, D. D. Withers, and Mrs. G. L. Lorillard, who still carries on her late husband's racing stable, run their horses for the pure pleasure of the sport.

The most successful stable in the last few years is that of the Dwyer Brothers, of Brooklyn. Their three-year-old colt Hanover, by Hindoo, dam Bourbon Belle, has won every race that he has started in this season, and had he been entered for the English Derby there is but little doubt that he would have carried off that coveted prize, as he is considered ten pounds better than any horse of his age here. Kingfish, another horse from the same stable, a two-year-old, shows the acumen that the Dwyers display in their purchases. Although beaten by a fluke the other day by W. L. Scott's Tea Tray, he promises to become a second Hanover, who has nearly all the weight-for-age races for which he is entered at his mercy.

The old-time institutions, Jerome Park, Monmouth Park, Maryland Jockey Club, Coney Island Jockey Club, and Louisiana Jockey Club, have now many rivals for popular favor. The last and probably the best is the Brooklyn Jockey Club, whose track, considered the fastest in the country, is what was originally known as the "mile track," situated on the road to Coney Island. Mr. Remington's two drawings show the peculiar actions of both horses and jockeys at "A False Start" and "The Finish."

A project is on foot, started by Leonard Jerome and a syndicate of wealthy men interested in sport, to lay out another track near Cortlandt Lake. The course at Jerome Park is in the form of a figure 8, and poor time is always made on it. The new course will be one mile in circumference, and as nearly as possible a complete circle.

Among the meetings where gentleman jockeys get into the "pig-skin" and race their favorites against one another, that of the Rockaway Steeple-chase Association, at Cedarhurst, is the scene where all the best known lovers of the sport in New York and adjacent cities congregate. Boston has a similar association.

The professional jockeys some years ago were Southern negroes, and with the exception of a few cross-country riders of Irish parentage, monopolized nearly all the mounts. To-day it is very different. With McLaughlin, Garrison, Luke, and McCarthy—a quartet equal to any in the world—there is but little doubt that if a horse has got it in him to win, he will have to do it when either one of them is on his back.

PRINCETON.

Princeton University, as Princeton College must soon be known, has forced its merits upon the recognition of observing people by its remarkable advances during the last twenty years. It is in no sense disparaging to other institutions to say that Princeton has gained more rapidly and more substantially upon its own previous record than any other of the great universities within the same time.

The old "college courses" of America consisted of Latin, Greek, rhetoric, geometry, algebra, logic, mental philosophy, elementary chemistry, and five or six additional studies. All these are retained as obligatory branches at Princeton, but elective, optional, and university branches have also been introduced, to the number of upward of sixty. The faculty are now arranging these and other branches into groups, and are forming graduate classes and the establishment of a university system, under which the imprimatur of the institution may be given to those mastering the courses taken. But few changes will need to be made. These and the adoption of the name of a university will place Princeton in its true light before the world, a *studium generale*—the old definition of a university.

To whom is due the credit for Princeton's deserved fame? It was founded by royal charter in 1746, and is one of the three oldest colleges in America, Harvard and Yale being the other two. Among its presidents have been the mighty metaphysician Jonathan Edwards; Aaron Burr, the father of the Vice-President of the United States of the same name; Witherspoon, the signer of the Declaration of Independence; Dickinson; Finley; Davies; Stanhope Smith; Ashbel Green, grandfather of the present Governor of New Jersey; Carnahan; John Maclean, who died last summer, full of years, until then the oldest surviving graduate, and known among Princetonians as "the best-loved man in America"; and the present venerable and distinguished James McCosh. It is under the administration of the last-named that what is now spoken of as "New Princeton" has achieved its signal greatness.

Princeton owes much to situation. It is more like an English university town than a New Jersey village. Placed on the crest of a high tableland midway between New York and Philadelphia, it commands a beautiful and extensive view over a rolling country picturesque with woods and meadows, the Highlands of Navesink being discernible as a blue and hazy distant background. The old town is pretty with quaint houses in the colonial style. Handsome residences are here too, and old family seats. The wide lawns and ample streets are overhung with arching boughs, while whole avenues of elms furnish romantic meandering paths fit to complete the ideal of the most exacting lover of rural nature. But Princeton's chief attraction is its unequalled campus and its many imposing buildings, which Princetonians may be forgiven for boasting of as the finest in the country. Seventy acres of land on the hill-top, in an absolutely healthy region, covered with smoothly cropped lawns, shaded by groves and vistas of ancient elms and spreading maples, the luxuriant turf embellished with a great number of massive and commanding stone buildings—all this forms a picture which lingers deliciously in the memory, not only of the old graduate, but of the casual visitor.

The buildings at Princeton are exceptionally fine. "Nassau Hall"—a dignified pile of local stone, three stories high, and 175 feet long—was built in 1756. A graceful belfry in the centre contains the college bell, whose clapper it is the bounden duty of the Freshmen to capture early in each term at the risk of their lives. Once secured, it is melted and cast into watch charms for all the members of the class. The clock in the belfry is the gift of the class of 1866. The battle of Princeton was the turning-point of the American Revolution, and the British troops were then driven out of this very building by Washington's victorious forces. The marks of cannon-balls, bullet holes, and historic scratches on window-panes are still exhibited to visitors. Congress has met here with old-time ceremony. A book might be filled with incidents relating to "Old Nassau." For fifty years the only college building—students and professors living and studying and assembling within its walls—it is now used almost entirely as a great museum of paleontology, with laboratories, libraries, and scientific reading-rooms. The contents of these museums are unique, embracing the unequalled collection of Guyot, and being well stocked with valuable fossils and geological specimens discovered by the Students' Scientific Expeditions, which have become one of the institutions of Princeton. The School of Science Building is a grand piece of architecture. It is built of Trenton stone, and cost over $200,000. The scientific apparatus is complete, and all the appliances needed for thorough work and illustrations have been provided. The upper story is devoted to a very full museum of natural history. The Library is an octagon-shaped structure of graceful proportions, erected at a cost of $125,000. It contains 65,000 volumes, and with the 19,000 volumes of the college societies and the 50,000 volumes of the seminary library, places over 130,000 volumes at the disposal of the students. The library is being rapidly re-enforced by fresh purchases. The Halsted Observatory consists of a central octagonal stone structure, supporting a revolving dome 39 feet in diameter, with smaller tower and dome on either side. It was erected by the late General N. Norris Halsted, in 1866, at a cost of $60,000, from designs of Professor Stephen Alexander, the astronomer. The principal instrument contained in it is the great equatorial telescope of 24 inches aperture and 39 feet focal length, one of the largest in the world, made by Alvan Clark in 1882. The power for moving the dome is furnished by a gas engine. An Edison dynamo-electric machine supplies the current required in spectroscopic investigation. The observatory is provided with the very best apparatus for advanced work in astronomical physics. The whole is under the direction of Professor Charles A. Young, who is regarded as second to no astronomer in the world. There is also a working observatory for the purpose of instruction.

The halls of the literary societies, among the oldest college edifices, are in separate buildings. In these halls the two historic societies, the "American Whig" and "Cliosophic," hold their meetings. Both were founded before the Revolution, one by James Madison, afterward President of the United States, the other by Justice William Paterson, of the Supreme Court, and Vice-President Aaron Burr. Their constitution and purpose are unique. Absolute secrecy is imposed on members, so that particulars cannot be given. But it is a well-known fact that, among other things, great attention is paid in both to training in oratory, literature, and debate. There is a traditional rivalry between the two, which stimulates the respective members to extraordinary effort. Much of the college life at Princeton centres about the "halls." Hundreds of Princeton graduates who have risen to the highest professional positions have attributed their success as much to the training in the "halls" as to the discipline of the regular curriculum. A movement is on foot among the members of both societies, both graduate and resident, to build new structures for their accommodation, in keeping with the progress of the institution and the increased number of members. But many a son of Princeton will regret the necessity which demands the removal of those halls, redolent with sacred and happy memories.

The President's mansion is a stone château, situated in a most attractive enclosure of several acres on the brow of a hill commanding a superb view, and surrounded by grand old elms, whose trunks loom far above the tower of the house. Here lawn parties are held at Commencement-time. Among the other notable buildings are Dickenson Hall, a structure devoted to recitations and lecture-rooms; Marquand Chapel, one of the most graceful and satisfying examples of ecclesiastical architecture to be found; the "Old" Chapel, a cruciform stone building, now appropriated to elocutionary purposes; Murray Hall, an exquisite building of stone erected for the Philadelphian Society, the Young Men's Christian Association of the college; the Dean's house (formerly the President's residence), built in 1754, and abounding in marks of Revolutionary incidents; and the Bonner-Marquand Gymnasium.

There are five large stone dormitory buildings, and one of brick. The first is Witherspoon Hall, one of the most commanding college buildings in the world, five stories in height, built of blue Pennsylvania marble, and of a style of architecture (Victorian Gothic) particularly imposing and beautiful. Eighty students are accommodated in Witherspoon, of whom forty occupy single suites of study and bedroom, while the remainder "chum" it in pairs, each couple having separate bedrooms with a joint "study." This is by some considered the most desirable place for living. The others are Edwards Hall, named after him of the "iron heel"; Reunion Hall; East College; West College; and the immense brick and stone dormitory known as University Hall, in which is also the auditorium generally used for concerts, exhibitions, and the Alumni Dinner at Commencement. The "College Offices" is a stone structure with many old memories. In addition to these there are a great number of professors' houses, belonging to the college. The Art Museum is about to be erected upon plans by A. Page Brown, Esq., of New York, the necessary money having been raised. This is to contain, among other things, the celebrated and valuable Trumbull-Prime collection of curiosities in ceramics, and the prints illustrative of the history of engraving presented to the college by William C. Prime, LL.D., of New York, an alumnus of Princeton. A building for a biological laboratory is in process of construction, the gift of the class of 1877. The "Ivy Club" is a tasteful cottage-like building owned by a club formed of graduates and undergraduates. Juniors and Seniors only are admitted from the students. There is no element of snobbishness about it, and election is regarded as a recognition of merit.

Midway between East and West colleges, in the centre of the "Quad," is The Cannon, buried in the earth like a post, and behind it the Little Cannon. These two guns have an eventful history. They were both used in the Revolution, and after the battle of Princeton were left near the college. During the year 1812 the large cannon was sent to New Brunswick, to be used in repelling a threatened attack by the British fleet. The New Brunswick people failing to return it, the cannon lay there until 1838, when a number of students, among whom may be mentioned ex-Governor Joel Parker, Chancellor Graham, Leonard Jerome, and Judge McKay, carried it off by night, and planted it in the campus, where it has ever since remained, the hub of the college world. Around this trophy on Class Day a large amphitheatre is erected, and filled with thousands of interested spectators, while the graduating class sit in the centre smoking large clay pipes, singing for the last time together the familiar songs, and applauding the remarks of the Historian, Presentation Orator, Poet, and Prophet. Around this cannon the bonfires are built which celebrate the victories of the college over its ancient rivals Harvard and Yale, and here centres much of the popular life of the university. The little cannon has its history too. It was left during the Revolution near Princeton, and for some years lay in front of the college grounds. It was afterward set up as a post at the corner of Witherspoon Street. The students claimed it, and carried it by night to the campus, and placed it in its present position October 16, 1858. The townsmen sunk it in a neighboring mill-pond. The students again rescued and appropriated it. In 1876 some New Brunswick students, mistaking it for the large cannon which had been removed some thirty-eight years before, captured it by night, during an Easter vacation, and carried it off. The excitement of the Princeton men on their return resulted in hostilities, and a period of warfare was at length terminated by a submission of the rival claims to arbitrators. The award was in Princeton's favor, and the little cannon rests peacefully under the shadow of its big neighbor on the campus.

Princeton numbers among its graduates many of America's most distinguished men. President James Madison and Vice-Presidents Aaron Burr and Dallas here received education, also Chief-Justice Ellsworth and Supreme Court Justices Paterson, Livingston, Thompson, Wayne, and Johnson. Thirty-three Governors of States were graduated here, among them Luther Martin, William Paterson, Aaron Ogden, "Light-horse Harry" Lee (father of General Robert E. Lee), Livingston, and Dickinson. Hundreds of Judges, Senators, and college Presidents have received their training at Princeton, and the list of professors, eminent lawyers, and distinguished surgeons would be tedious to examine. Princeton's great glory is her vast army of learned and consecrated divines. Archibald Alexander and his sons, Charles Hodge, Archibald Alexander Hodge, and a host of names among the Presbyterians will spring to the mind of every reader. In the Episcopal fold Bishops Claggett, Johns, Hobart, Meade, McIlvaine, and Boone have been graduated from Princeton. While the product of Princeton has been more in the department of practical workers than in that of the mere dilettanti, still poets are numbered among her sons; for example, Philip Frenkau, George Henry Boker, Charles G. Leland, Fitz-Hugh Ludlow, and Philip Pendleton Cooke. It would be tiresome to proceed with the catalogue. It would include generation after generation of Bayards and Stocktons, Frelinghuysens, Livingstons, Southards, Daytons, Alexanders, Lees, Penningtons, Biddles, Randolphs, Rushes, Hunters, Hamiltons, Pendletons, Washingtons, Hodges, Breckinridges, Gardners, Van Rensselaers, Sergeants, Montgomerys, Morrises, Boudinots, Edwardses, and other distinguished families.

The Academic Department at Princeton is large and flourishing. In it are several hundred students, yearly increasing in number. There were over two hundred and twenty applicants for matriculation last year. In this department are taught all the branches deemed essential to a liberal education, with a choice in the higher classes as to others. The standard for admission to college is exceedingly high, and the students are held down to faithful application after matriculation.

The John C. Green School of Science, founded in 1873, is growing with rapidity. It has no superior in this country. The courses, which occupy four years, and run parallel with the academic, are five in number, and distinct: 1, Civil Engineering; 2, Biology and Chemistry; 3, Biology and Geology; 4, Chemistry and Mineralogy; 5, Mathematics and Mechanics.

It is generally conceded that Princeton leads all the universities in the importance of the School of Philosophy, founded by President M'Cosh in 1883. The School of Art and Archæology is the most recent. Professor Frothingham, the editor of the *Journal of Archæology*, and one of the most promising experts in his field, has recently been added to its staff of professors, William C. Prime, LL.D., the well-known patron and connoisseur, and Professor Marquand, having previously been at its head.

The university scheme now in process of evolution at Princeton has already taken successful shape in the development of the Graduate Department. About thirty courses of study, conducted by twenty-four professors, are now in full operation, with more in preparation. This year (1886–7) eighty-nine post-graduates, resident students, are on the catalogue, and seven fellows. The number grows each year. This higher department of education is to be enlarged and perfected, and what is claimed at Princeton to be the true idea of an American university exemplified. The best work both of undergraduates and those taking university courses is stimulated by the large number of prizes and fellowships which the liberal friends of Princeton have endowed.

While Princeton has no schools of medicine and law (abstaining from the maintenance of such departments for the present), the courses are so arranged and conducted as to prepare the students more completely for careers in these professions than could otherwise be done. Princeton graduates have distinguished themselves in the New York and Philadelphia medical and law schools, and thus given substantial proof of the excellence of the system.

Princeton publishes an annual "Catalogue" of some 168 pages, which might more accurately be called a descriptive account of the schools and curriculum. For a more satisfactory insight into the courses and methods of the institution the reader is advised to apply to the treasurer of the college for a copy of this interesting publication.

The abuse of the custom of conferring "honorary degrees" by American colleges has led the trustees of Princeton to inaugurate a most commendable reform in this regard. The whole subject of degrees has been revised, and a definite, clear-cut *modus operandi* established. There are certain degrees which are given "in course," upon the recommendation of the faculty, after examination. New degrees have been introduced, to be conferred only after examination, to any applicant proving eligible. "Honorary" degrees are only to be conferred as a recognition of eminent merit. All the propositions to confer degrees must go to a committee on that subject, and be under consideration during an interval, to be afterward acted upon by the trustees. Hereafter, a degree from Princeton will be a distinction only within the reach of the highly meritorious.

In literary work Princeton is very diligent. There is hardly a professor of mark in the college who has not some important work on the stocks. The new *Princeton Review*, under the editorship of Professor William M. Sloane—one of Princeton's most advanced and vigorous men—has at once assumed a position among the first periodicals of a high literary grade. The *American Journal of Archæology* is edited by Professor Frothingham, of the Art School. The *Presbyterian Review* is edited by Francis G. Patton, Professor of Ethics.

Among the publications of the students themselves are the *Nassau Literary Magazine*, a monthly; the *Princetonian*, issued every other day; the *Philadelphian*, the religious organ of the college; the *Nassau Herald;* and the *Bric-à-Brac*, an annual publication containing a miscellany of every sort of college information.

One of the principal desiderata for a university is to be found in Princeton; namely, quiet and freedom from undue temptation to youth. New York and Philadelphia are both within a radius of fifty miles, but too distant for frequent or hurried visits. Thus, while both professors and students have within reach the great advantages of large cities on special occasions, health, good morals, and seclusion are secured in this beautiful country village.

The subject of athletic sports in colleges has been the shuttlecock for many an argumentative battledoor in these latter years. The true and desirable course probably lies, as usual, somewhere between the extremes. Princeton men claim that this happy mean is found at "Old Nassau." Games and competitive contests are permitted, and within reasonable limits encouraged. Princeton has uniformly been found a sturdy and oftentimes a successful rival of Harvard and Yale in the strife for honors in foot-ball, base-ball, lacrosse, tennis, and track athletics. The annual foot-ball contest between Yale and Princeton has become almost a national affair.

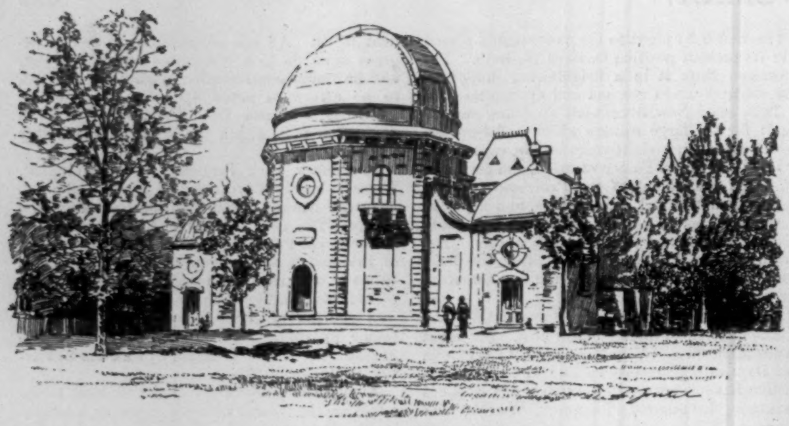
Only once has Princeton entered into outside gymnastic competition. This was in 1873, at the National Gymnastic and Athletic Tournament, held at the Academy of Music in New York city. Fourteen gymnasiums and athletic clubs were represented, and over eighty contestants entered. But Princeton's representatives carried off fifteen prizes, as well as the medal for the best general athlete.

Professors who have given much attention to the subject claim that those vices which unfortunately exist in all colleges have greatly and most sensibly diminished at Princeton since the athletic sports have been made a distinctive feature. The notion that stupid and idle men only become proficient athletes is a fallacy. The fact is that the two things have little relation. High scholars are found among the "elevens" and the "nines," and lazy men are there too. Both classes are represented also among those who play no ball.

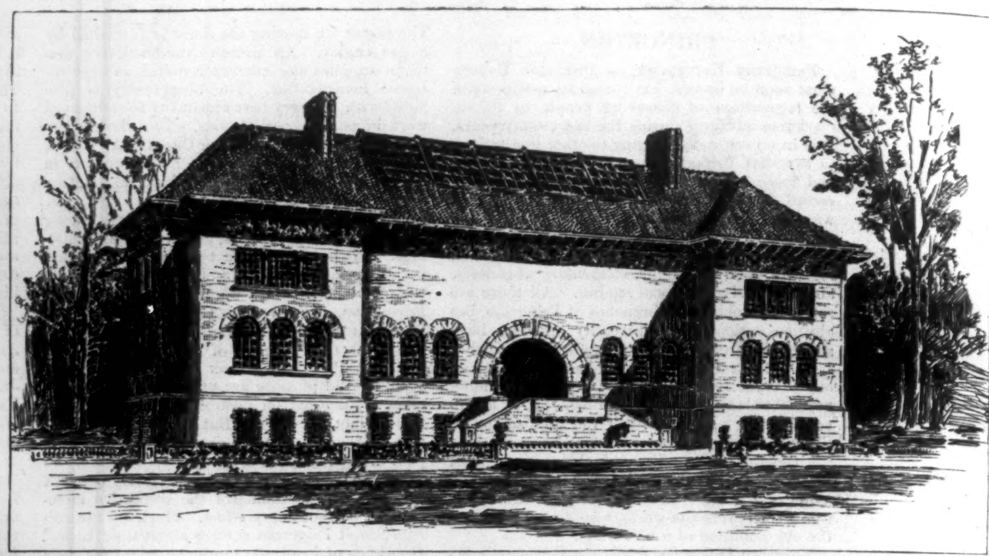
The following anecdote is told by a gentleman who accompanied Mr. Froude on his visit to Princeton. At the gymnastic exhibition two of the young men were performing on the trapeze as Mr. Froude entered. Their skill was so remarkable that, turning to Dr. McCosh, he remarked, "I suppose these young men can do nothing else." Dr. McCosh, with a smile, replied, "They are two of our best men." One of them was Mr. Allan Marquand, first honor man, and now professor in the college.

Princeton has the reputation of being very rich. It is rich in grounds, buildings, apparatus, and special endowments, but in funds for general purposes it is poor. This is more or less the case with all the great universities. The administration of President McCosh has been marked by the number and extent of the gifts which Princeton has received, but the great growth of the university in every direction, its rapidly increasing number of professors, courses of study, appliances, and schools, all demand increased resources in money, in order that the magnificent scheme now laid out may be properly executed. The friends of Princeton should not slack their hands because so much has already been done. They should not become demoralized by their signal success. They should continue to come liberally to the support of their college, and above all things establish a general endowment, from the income of which the trustees might supplement the salaries of poorly paid professors, and add to the list of *savants* who have enhanced and are enhancing the brightness of Princeton's fame by their genius and reputation. Money is a necessary contingent with which to maintain the glory which men like Joseph Henry, Arnold Guyot, Charles A. Young, and James McCosh have already made so conspicuous.

After all, it must be conceded that Princeton's crowning merit is that it can keep pace with all the learning and progress of the age without yielding to the encroachments of modern unbelief, and what might be termed the fanaticism of American educators. Those who desire their children to be trained thoroughly in the most essential as well as the most advanced branches of literature, philosophy, science, and art, such as are taught in the great English and German universities, without sacrifice of those principles which are inculcated in the Bible, can find the desired opportunities at Princeton. Its founders and upholders have pledged themselves and their successors to be true to that religion which has been faithfully taught here from the beginning, and to be ever in the van of those institutions which strive for the supremacy in scholarship, research, and learning.



THE HALSTEAD OBSERVATORY.



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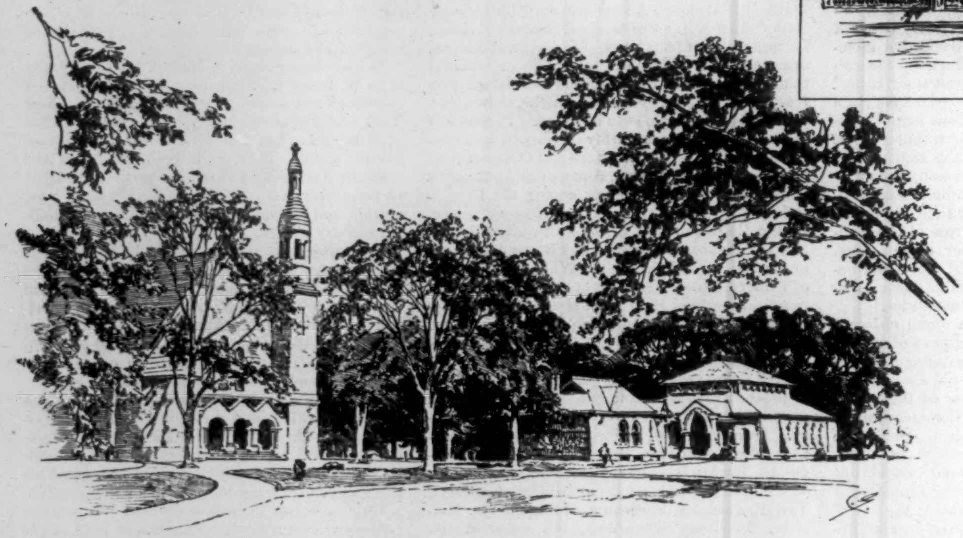
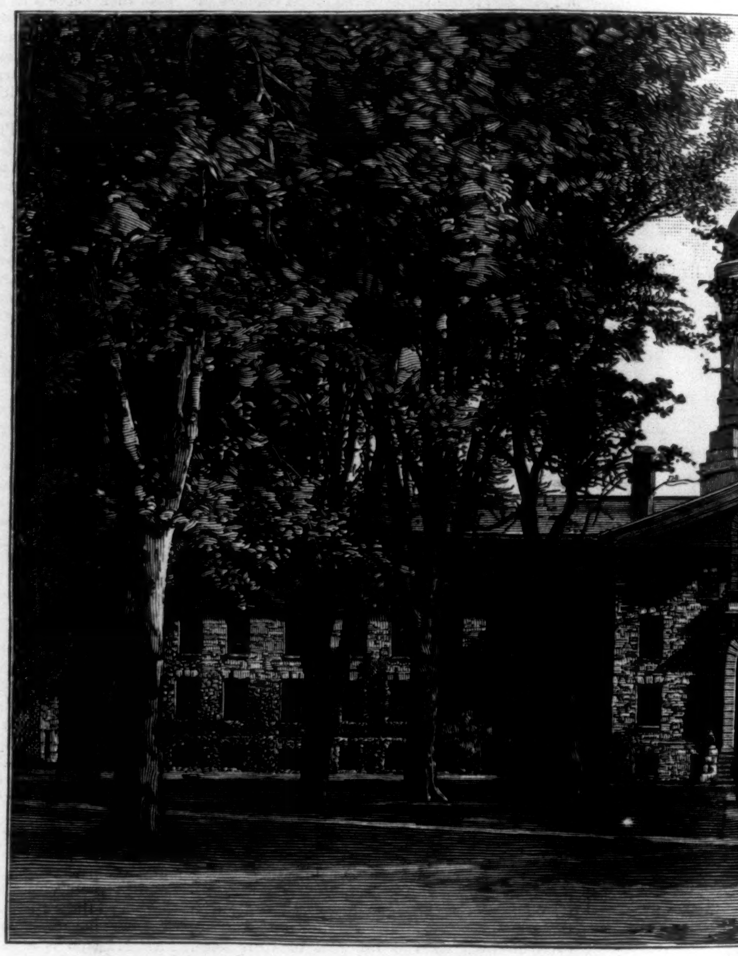


MARQUAND CHAPEL AND MURRAY HALL.



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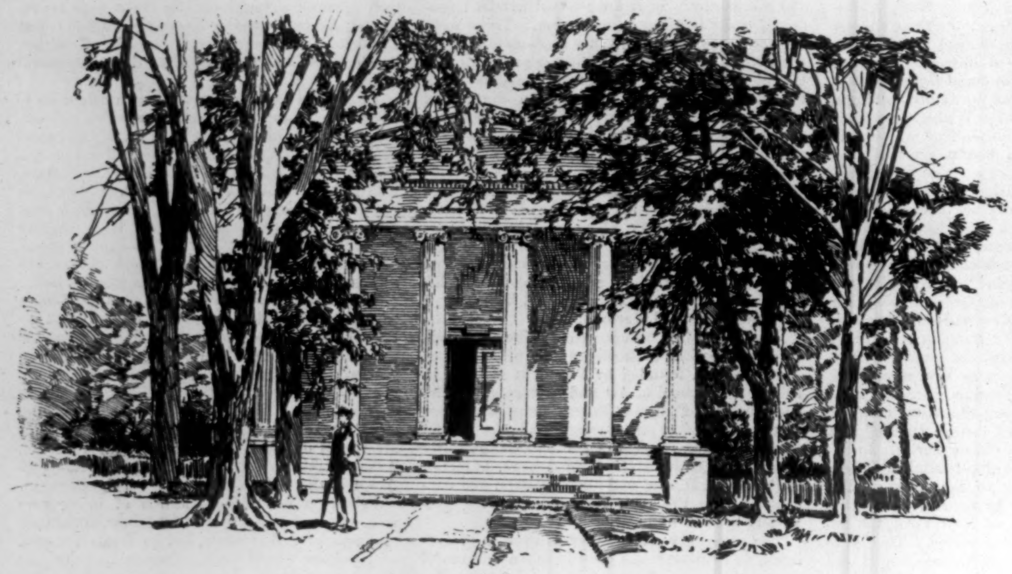

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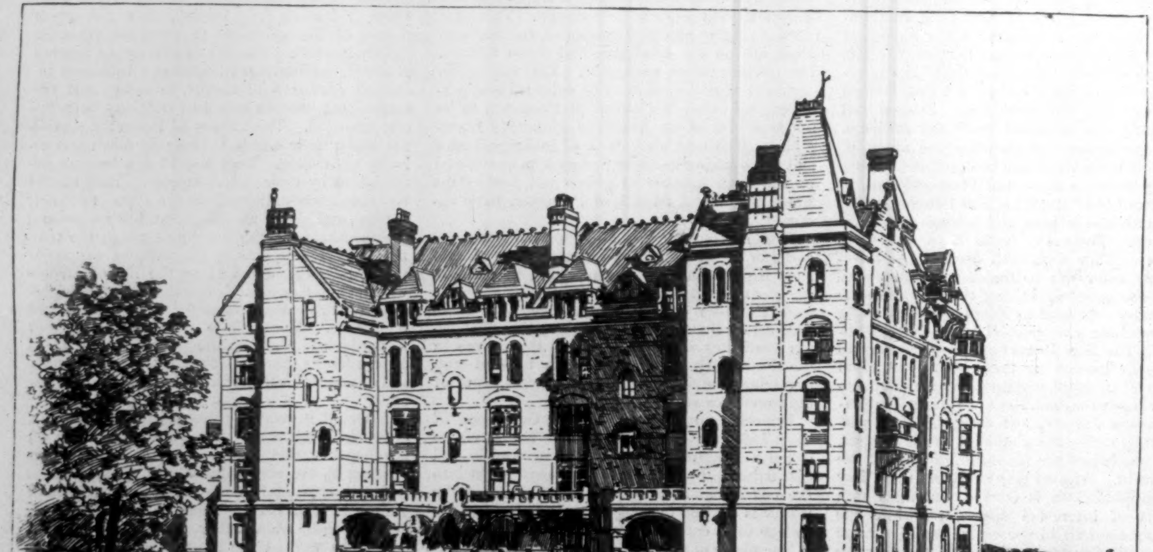

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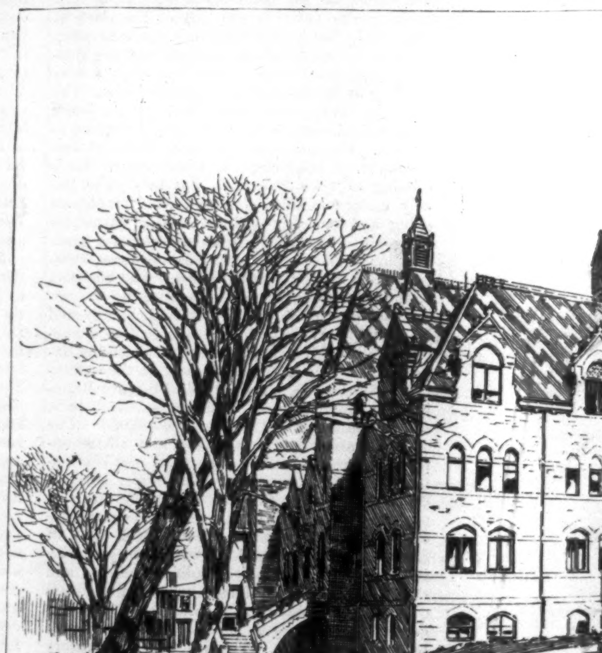

THE SCHOOL

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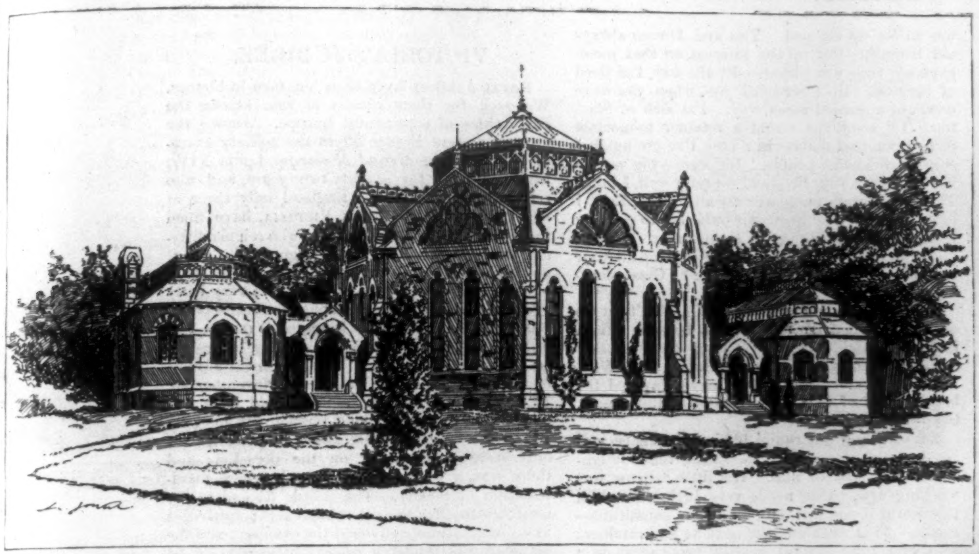
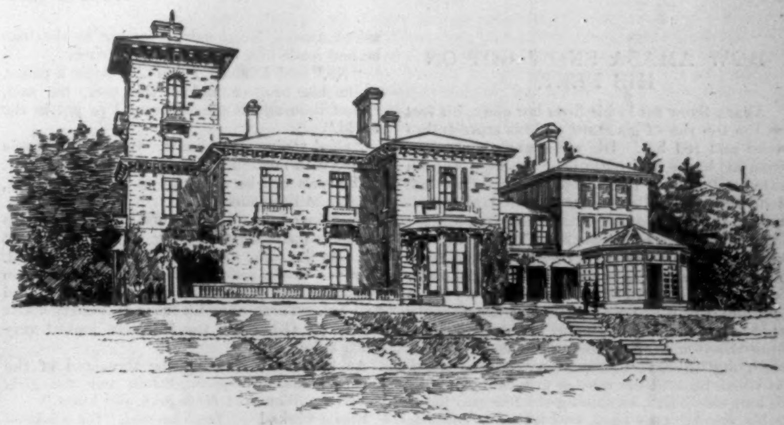


THE LIBRARY.



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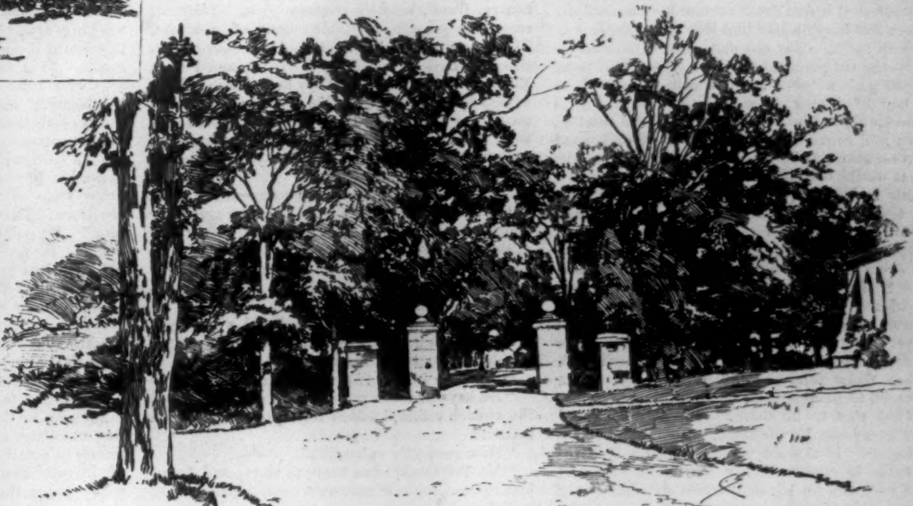
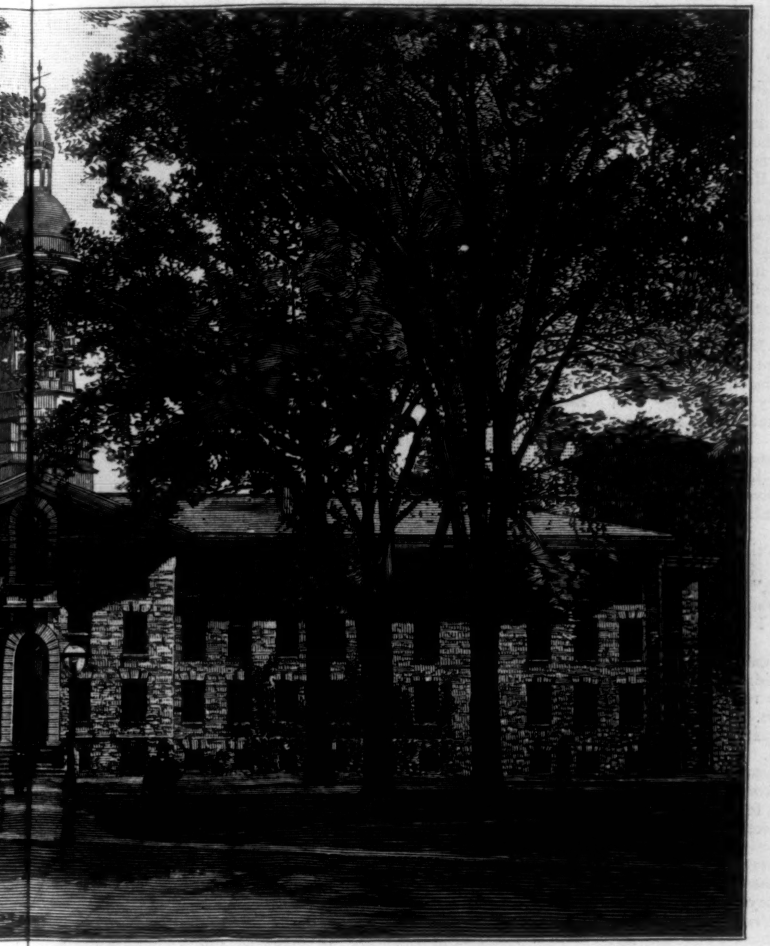


ENTRANCE TO THE PRESIDENT'S GROUNDS.



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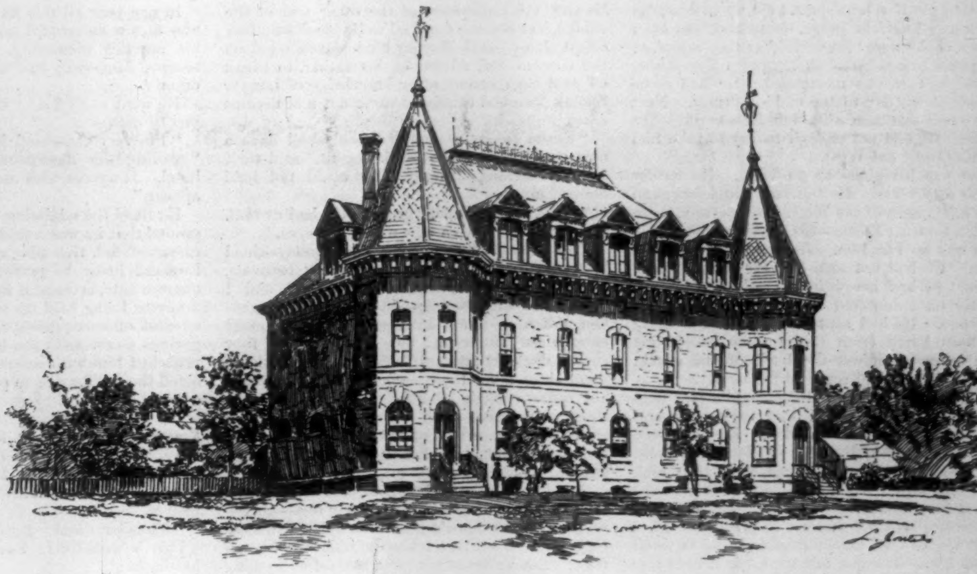

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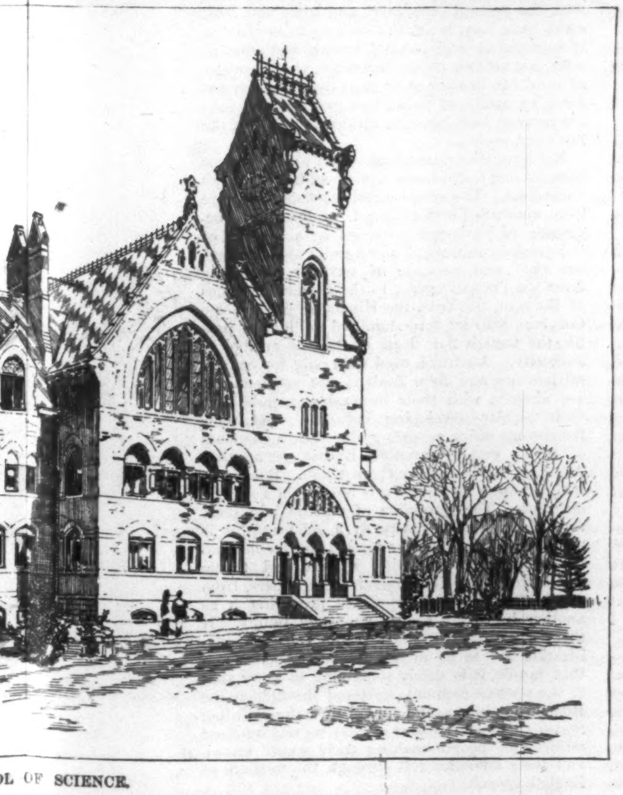

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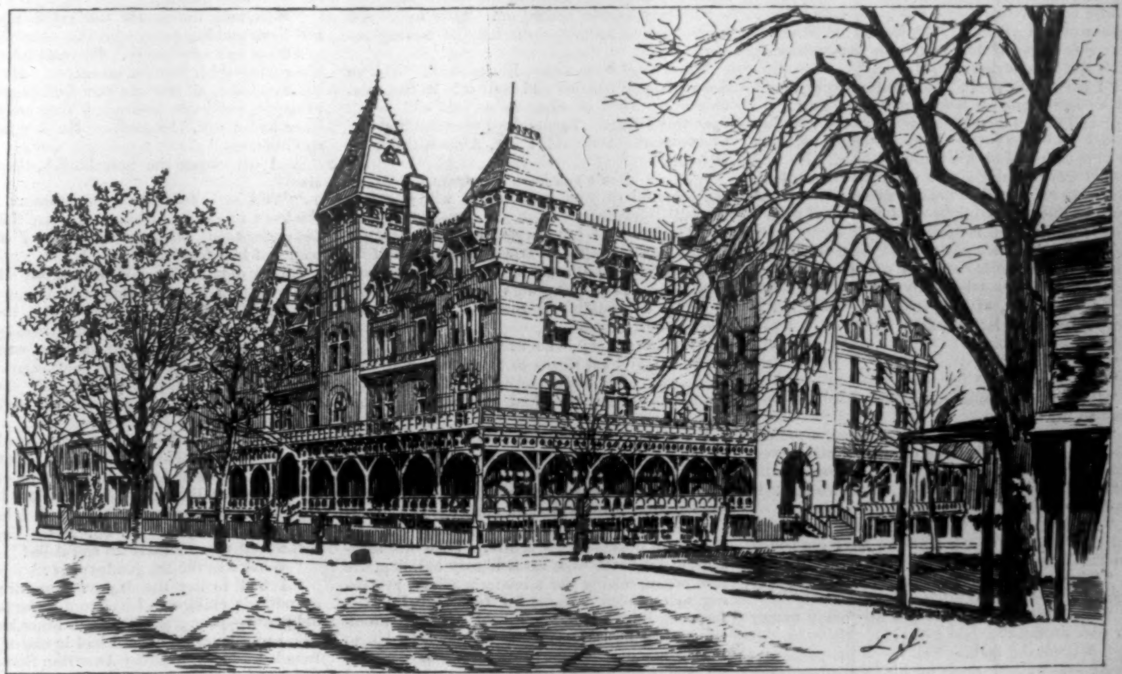


UNIVERSITY HALL.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 439.]

HOW AMASA SNOW GOT ON HIS FEET.

Amasa Snow sat in his little law office, his feet on the top rim of his stove, and his stove full of wood and red hot. His office was about a rod from his house, and quite near the high wooden gate leading into the village street. Over the door one read, "Prothonotary and Attorney-at-law." It was a huge, faded sign in black letters; one could not go by Amasa Snow's office and not know of the business of its occupant. The trouble with the sign was it was not alluring enough. Squire Slayton, down the street, with a very small sign and over a grocery store, and without a big wide house, and a family name and connection—Squire Slayton somehow got all the business there was going in East Chesterville. Amasa Snow sat tilted back in his wooden arm-chair, pulling his long chin beard, scratching the few gray hairs in his sloping gray head, and trying to conjure up some new scheme by which he could beat Slayton again, and defer the foreclosure sale. He had deferred it five times on one excuse and another; but Slayton had him this time; there was no help for it. The old place would have to be sold—the old place where his boyhood had been passed until he went away to college, and where he had lived ever since, and seen his six girls grow up about him. His six girls! He reached down and broke a splinter off a bit of pine-wood by the stove, and began to chew hard on it. What would become of the girls? Every one a beauty in *his* eyes; every one worthy of marrying the Governor of the State. How could he tell *them* that the sale of their old home could be postponed no longer; that every device and trick, and every legal quibble, had been tried and tried again? He *dared* not tell the girls. He looked out of the window; it was raining. An April shower, to be sure, with a prospect of a golden sunset later on, but making everything outside under the trees look very muddy and dismal. Amasa Snow felt very much depressed. Fate appeared to be against him.

What was to be done? He had borrowed from every one in the town. He could borrow no longer. If the old place were sold at twice its value it would not pay his debts. He had lived well, and his six motherless girls had never known how poor he was. "Oh!" he groaned, as he rose and stood with his back to that hot stove—"oh, how can I get on my feet?"

There were his law books—a couple of thousand dingy calf volumes, not kept up to date, the inheritance from the judge, his father, but even the law books were 'chattelled,' as they said, *i. e.*, mortgaged quite beyond their value. Everything he had, in fact, was mortgaged. He had come this wet April day to the end of things. Next week came the sale. He felt like saying—the deluge. He had not enough money to take him and his family out West.

That was his plan—to go West. He hardly felt his fifty years. He felt young and energetic when he thought of the West. By-the-way, there was his brother, Elisha—his brother who in his youth was so like him. *He* was West—in California. He had not seen him for twenty years. The last he had heard from him was a request to send on a hundred dollars. That was five years ago. He had sent him fifty, and nothing had been heard from Elisha since, except his name endorsed across the back of the check, showing that he had received the money.

No, it was clear that Elisha could never help him. Elisha had caused him to lose several thousand dollars once in a mine. Elisha's name was always a great bugbear in his family since. No, Elisha could not be expected to help him. Stay! An idea. Amasa Snow began to poke the red-hot fire vigorously. It was a bleak raw day, but the fire was hot enough in that little office if left alone. An idea. Elisha should be *made* to help him. It was a last hope, but it fired him with enthusiasm. He reached up into a dusty book-case and got down a file of letters. He was looking for Elisha's address.

Just then there came a tap at the office door. Amasa turned around. "By thunder!" he cried, nearly carried off his feet with astonishment. "It's Elisha—*in propriâ personâ!*"

"I have come home," said Elisha, meekly. "I have come home—to neighbor round."

"And just in the nick of time, Elisha. Mighty glad I am to see you!" Then a thought occurred to him, as he shook his brother's hand, with that feeble wave in the air so common in southern Connecticut, he would not tell Elisha of his financial condition. He might not help him if he did. No, he would keep his own counsel.

The two brothers sat down by the stove, and Amasa threw another stick of soft pine-wood on the fire. It was frightfully hot. "See here, Elisha," he said, after a pause. "How's the Grand American Eagle a-doin'?"

"She isn't a-doin'."

"Nothin' at all?"

"No; hasn't been for ten years."

"It *was* a splendid mine *once*, Elisha. You used to say so."

"So it was. But we struck hard-pan—you remember about it. What's the use of rakin' over old personalities at this time, when I ought to be received with open arms, and a bonfire lighted, and fire-works touched off?"

"I know, I know," replied Amasa, apologetically. "I ought to ask how you have happened on East this way."

"Why, yes; you ought to show *some* brotherly feeling. It's natural."

"Well, Elisha, have you got any ready money in your pocket?"

"A thousand dollars."

Amasa walked over to his old rusty safe. "Better put the money in here?" he asked, casually. Elisha handed him a roll of bills. "Don't feel like payin' back any of that two thousand?" asked Amasa, facetiously, referring to the loan he had made him in the mining scheme.

"No," said Elisha, "I don't." After a pause, while his brother locked the safe, he said, "That thousand is the last cent I've got in the world."

"Glad you've come home. Glad you've come to live with me," said Amasa, rubbing his hands. "The girls will be so happy to see you. Come, let's go in the house."

He slipped an old, well-worn overcoat over his shoulders without buttoning it, and they went out into the rain. Elisha was very well dressed. Any one would have taken him for a well-to-do Western bank president. He looked sleek and well fed. There wasn't a trace of anxiety about his face. Otherwise the brothers looked very much alike.

As they were crossing the threshold of the house, Amasa whispered, "Just tell the girls you're a millionaire; for a joke, you know."

Elisha winked. "Yes," he said, "for a joke—wish I was, though," and they entered the parlor. There were the six girls; six good-looking, hearty, frank, healthy country girls. They all rose, and gave a veritable shout of welcome. They usually gave a united shout whenever anything pleased them. They fairly screamed when Elisha opened the door. They flew at him. They kissed him. They took his hat for him; they took away his overcoat and umbrella. And *how* they were impressed when their father said, proudly, "And then to think that your uncle has returned to us a millionaire!"

"A millionaire!—really?" chorussed the girls.

Elisha began to feel his old boastful spirit, for which he had long been noted, coming over him again. "Why," he said, "out in California we don't reckon a million much money. All my friends are worth over a million. My five million dollars don't count very much out *there*."

"Elisha says he is going to build a public library building for East Chesterville," put in Amasa, without a grimace.

"A public library!" chorussed the girls.

"He says he don't mind paying off the debt on the church either," added their prevaricator of a father.

"How perfectly splendid!"

"No one would have thought the Grand American Spread-eagle Mine would have panned out so well," said Amasa.

By this time the six girls were dancing around the room in their excitement. They had never been so excited since John Mawley, the son of Mawley the mill-owner at the other end of the village, had become engaged to Bessie Snow, their eldest sister—said Mawley having concluded, on the consent and advice of his father, to break off said engagement, after knowledge of Lawyer Snow's financial condition came out and became common gossip.

"Elisha says the Sunday-school shall have a new organ if it takes his last cent," said their father, laughing heartily. *He* could not hold himself in.

"Well," said Elisha, "not *quite* as bad as *that*. But they shall have a new melodeon—yes."

This capped the climax. The Sunday-school had been holding picnics, strawberry festivals, ice-cream festivals, lectures, busy-bees, and I don't know what besides—in which the six girls had taken a lively interest—to raise money enough for an organ; but, do their best, they could raise only about fifty dollars. They threw themselves upon their uncle, and as there was not quite enough of him to go around, they threw themselves upon their father. It was a touching scene. Two of the girls were in tears, and one of them was heard to say, "Our deliverer!"

And there in the midst stood the two old hypocrites, laughing as heartily as the rest—only—only in Amasa Snow's eyes their glistened some real tears. Poor man! how he wished it was all true! For he loved his girls beyond everything on earth, and their happiness and joy unnerved him for his little scheme. If it should fail, how should he dare look them in the face again?

Suddenly Bessie looked up. "It's late," she said—"it's dreadfully late for the sewing society!"

When they were alone, Elisha said: "You've done it!—you've gone and done it! In five minutes every word of what we've said will be all over this village. Yes, and all over the State of Connecticut. Dum it! I say, Amasa, this isn't right!"

"Why? Don't you have any fears. Suppose they do tell of your millions; it will give you credit."

"Ah, yes, yes! but they will all be after me for my money." Elisha straightened himself up very stiffly, and buttoned his coat over his chest very firmly, as if to impress on his brother the fact that he wouldn't let them have a cent—*not one cent*—if they did.

"Well, don't say it isn't *so*, anyway," whispered Amasa, and led Elisha to his room, where that great and good philanthropist and millionaire lay down upon a sofa and took a comfortable nap.

For a week East Chesterville was in a condition of ferment. The resurrection of Elisha Snow in the form of a millionaire, after having departed twenty years before with a reputation for unconquerable laziness, and an ability only remarkable for imbibing hard cider, was enough to shake the entire county to its centre. Then his magnificent bequests—the town library building, the new organ, raising the minister's salary, proposing to establish a Home for Incurable Idiots—for poor Elisha found he could not stop promising when he had once begun, and his plan to build a new gymnasium, skating rink, winter bath, all combined, for the young people, made him at once the idol of the town.

Mawley the mill-owner met Amasa one day in the street. "See here," he said, "I've told Slayton to let up on you. You and I were always old friends. Pay up the interest on that mortgage any time you please. By-the-way, I'm tired of Slayton. He's hounded you, when you were down, in a darned mean way. I'm sick of Slayton. I'll send you round a retainer to-morrow of five hundred dollars in a case I've got against some Providence people. Big case—big money in it. How's your brother?—pretty well, I hope. Those California magnates are all coming East, I hear. Think your brother would like to put any money in my mill? A big chance now. I don't need the money, but it don't pay to keep all your eggs in one basket. How's Bessie? Good-morning."

"Mr. Mawley, one moment. You don't let up on me and send me this lawsuit because Elisha is a millionaire, do you?"

"Oh, no, no, no! My dear fellow, no, no! Why, what an idea! By-the-way, *I* never favored the breaking off of that match—my son and Bessie. Good-day."

Amasa Snow got round behind the fence, and laughed and shook until the entire fence laughed and shook with him. His little scheme was working well. One needs very little capital in this world if one can only obtain its substitute—credit. That week and the next he had retainers sent him from several wealthy proprietors in a neighboring manufacturing town. They had heard of his brother's millions. He had the foreclosure suit discontinued, paid Mawley his interest, got his mortgage extended indefinitely. What is more, his business picked up so that he paid a large sum on account all around among his creditors. They all said, "Elisha is doing it for him." He painted and refurbished the old Snow house. He ran slightly into debt in doing it, but his girls had some new clothes sent them from New York. *He* donned a new suit of broadcloth, and—he was happy. He was on his feet. Slayton was utterly nonplussed. In vain the wily practitioner went about spreading doubts as to Elisha's having any money whatever. "Why don't he buy that organ?" he kept saying, until people began to wonder why indeed.

As soon as the rumor spread about that Elisha was childless, and that he intended leaving his money in equal shares to his six nieces, they went off literally like hot cakes. Mawley junior, who really loved the girl, married Bessie, and then they were all married off in batches of two, until the youngest refused to marry at all, saying, with her finger at her lip, "she preferred to stay with her father."

In one year all this happened. Amasa Snow was now a successful man—his debts paid and his practice increasing. One day the rumor reached *him*—why had not Elisha paid for that organ?

He went to Elisha. "It is time," he said, "for you to disappear."

"I'm very contented here," protested Elisha, "reading the newspapers and sitting in the hotel. It agrees with me. I don't want to disappear."

He liked the adulation extended to him on the ground that he was a millionaire. He played the easy, well-fed, rich plutocrat revisiting his New England home to perfection. His acting was consummate, because it was nature itself, without a mirror being held up to it. He had just that amount of narrowness, of close-fistedness, of sagacious doubt as to the motives of men who approached him with schemes for investment; he acted the millionaire to perfection, and he never overdid it.

"Amasa, I can't go," he said. "They think I'm such a good man to *make* money. They have actually brought money to me to make more for them. Yes, I've received over fifty thousand dollars for investment within the last month."

"Thunder and guns!" exclaimed Amasa. "This is dreadful! I see State-prison yawning before us!"

"It's just what the Grand American Spread-eagle Mine needs," said Elisha, swelling himself out—"*a little money*."

"Well, take the money and go, then—*go!* I will have nothing to do with this—nothing!"

Amasa was very angry. He resolved to be responsible for his brother no longer. He went to his daughters, all but one now well married and in happy, well-to-do homes. "Your uncle and I have had a row," he said. "He is going back to California."

And the organ, the new library, the gymnasium?

"Well, he is mad about something. He says the town has slighted him. But one thing must be understood, whatever he does—*I* wash my hands of him forever!"

Elisha did leave a few days after. He took away about a hundred thousand dollars of widows' and orphans' funds, went to San Francisco, put his money into various enterprises, paid the beneficiaries eight per cent. interest, was honest as the day, and died a few years ago worth a great deal of money, which he left, share and share alike, to his brother's six girls, and he left a thousand dollars for the new organ.

Amasa still lives—a fairly well-to-do old country lawyer—slightly in debt still, in East Chesterville. But he is the adored grandpapa of twelve of the dearest little grandchildren, and he often says to them, benignly, "Children, I have put you all—and myself—on our feet. Yes, but I had to tell your mothers an awful lie!"

"What was the lie, gandpopper?"

"I had to say the laziest man alive—your granduncle, children—I had to say the penniless old rascal—your grandfather's brother, my dears, who had robbed me of all I had in one of his confounded mines, the Great American Spread-eagle Gold and Silver—I had to say, and stan' to it, that he was one of the biggest millionaires on the Pacific coast! But that lie has put us all on our feet!"

Richard H. Roe.

VICTORIA'S JUBILEE.

Royal Jubilees have been but rare in history. We seek for them almost in vain among the monarchies of continental Europe. Among the greater powers France offers the solitary example—that of the *Grand Monarque* Louis XIV., who was King for seventy-two years, and who reigned sixty years. In England only three of her rulers, besides Queen Victoria, have filled the Jubilee period—Henry III., who reigned fifty-six years, Edward III., who reigned fifty years, and George III., who reigned sixty years. It is only when the throne is mounted at a very early age that a Jubilee enters among the future possibilities of its occupant. Emperor William, full of years and full of experience as he is, has reigned but twenty-six years. The last Royal Jubilee in the British Isles was celebrated November 25, 1809; and although the stubborn old King had not always during his long reign given his subjects cause for gratitude alone, his excellencies only were remembered on the occasion; and there was a widely extended and sincere manifestation of loyalty. The people flocked to the churches to offer their thanksgivings; festivities and illuminations enlivened the evening; and the occasion was rendered especially memorable by the liberation from prison of many unfortunate debtors.

The mere rarity of the event would be but a small recommendation. Other and more important considerations, however, are not wanting. The period covered by the Queen's reign has been crowded with great and stirring events. At home and in the colonies and dependencies there has been no lack of excitement. Canadian insurrection, Chartist riots, Indian wars and Indian mutiny, wars in southern and eastern Africa, and wars in further Asia, have given variety and picturesqueness to the fifty years' history. Mighty efforts have been necessary to overcome existing and to avert impending evils inside the Queen's dominions; and on more than one occasion the empire has been compelled to unsheath the sword and to measure its strength with some of its most powerful rivals. It has been, above all things, a period of progress—of progress unexampled in any period of similar length in all the past. The progress of course has not been confined to the British Isles or to the British dominions alone. But in these it has been especially marked. A greater contrast than that which is presented by the British Empire and people in 1837 and the British Empire and people in 1887 is to be found nowhere else except in these United States. At the former date the fruits of the Reform Bill were only beginning to make themselves manifest. There were steam-boats, but they had not yet been used for ferry purposes, nor had any yet crossed the Atlantic. There were railroads, but they were only in their infancy. The telegraph was unknown, nor was there yet a penny-post. How different the state of things to-day! But the march of improvement has not been confined to these particulars alone. Successive legislative efforts have led to a more general distribution of power, and the working-man, as well as his master, has a voice in the management of national affairs. The spirit of humanity has been breathed into legislation, and justice has been tempered with mercy. The conveniences and comforts of life have been multiplied. The people are better fed, better clothed, better housed, and better educated than they were fifty years ago, and considering the increased number of the population, there has been a large diminution both of pauperism and crime. In spite of diminished numbers in Ireland, and in spite of extensive emigration from Scotland and England, the home population has almost doubled. In some of the larger towns and cities it has more than doubled. Taste and munificence have gone hand in hand with the general prosperity, and while the great cities have been beautified by long lines of stately warehouses and palatial homes, and adorned with magnificent public buildings, the amenities of rural life in some of its more delightful phases have, by means of parks and gardens and easy conveyance, been brought within the reach of the humblest citizen.

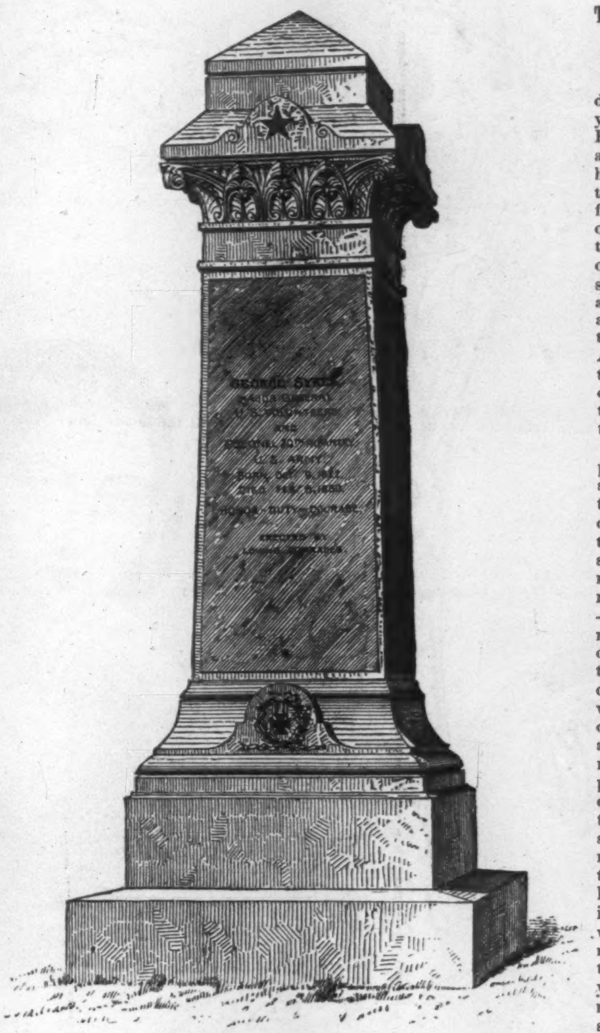
Nor have these encouraging and pleasing signs been limited to the home sections of her Majesty's dominions. The colonies and dependencies have been multiplied and enlarged. India, at the beginning of the reign governed by a number of independent princes, is now a unit; and throughout that vast expanse of territory, stretching from the Persian border to the extreme confines of Burmah, and from the Hindoo-Koosh to Cape Comorin, with its three hundred millions of people, the British flag floats as the one symbol of authority. Australia, used then only for convict settlements, and New Zealand, not yet founded, are already, with their increasing populations, their rapidly developing industries, and their flourishing cities, revealing the sturdy elements of future empire—another Britain, or another America, under the Southern Cross. South Africa, although less rapidly, is moving in a similar direction. The Dominion of Canada is a creation of the period. Already a solid unit, it is now pushing its energies toward the Pacific and the Northwest, reclaiming a vast and fertile region from the Indian and the trappers, from the buffalo and the bear, and preparing it as another home for the Anglo-Saxon family. If the welfare of mankind and the future of civilization are to be in any way dependent upon that family, it is surely something to know that at the present moment, scattered throughout the British dominions, and spread over these United States, there are, as near as may be, one hundred millions of people making their wants known and their influence felt through the medium of English speech.

Of course it would be absurd to attribute all this progress and prosperity in any direct way to the influence of the Queen herself. They might have been without her, but they might not. As it is, they are inseparably associated with her reign and name. For fifty years she has been the most conspicuous personage in the British dominions, and indeed the foremost woman in the entire English-speaking world; and the confession has to be made that in all the relations of life, both public and private, she has proved herself worthy of her exalted station. Of all that Great Britain has been during these years she has been a great, if not the principal, part; and whatever the honor or glory, she comes in for that share which is due to the chief of the state.

It was on the 20th of June, 1837, at the early hour of five o'clock, that Dr. **Howley**, Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Marquis of Conyngham, Lord Chamberlain, arrived at Kensington, and having aroused the Princess **Victoria**, hailed her as Queen, and informed her of the death of her uncle, **William** IV. At eleven o'clock of the same day, the members of the Privy Council having assembled, she went through the form of taking and signing the oaths of office. All those who were present were struck with the manner in which she went through the trying ordeal. Modesty corresponding with her youth and inexperience was singularly combined with self-possession and firmness. Sir **Robert Peel** was amazed at "her manner and behavior, at her apparent deep sense of her situation, and at the same time her firmness." The Duke of Wellington was delighted. If she had been his own daughter, he could not have desired to see her perform her part better. **Greville** tells us that, after she had taken the oaths of office, "she held a council, at which she presided with as much ease as if she had been doing nothing else all her life." At this council her first state utterance was made. It was read in a firm voice, clearly and distinctly. It concluded as follows: "Educated in England, under the tender and enlightened care of a most affectionate mother, I have learned from my infancy to respect and love the constitution of my native country. It will be my increasing study to maintain the reformed religion, as by law established, securing at the same time to all the full enjoyment of religious liberty; and I shall steadily protect the rights and promote to the utmost of my power the happiness and welfare of all classes of my subjects." Much as the young Queen may have been indebted to the presence and assistance of the Prime-Minister, Lord **Melbourne**, the words were well suited to the occasion; and it can hardly be doubted that by being loyally true to her own pledges, she has secured much of her own personal comfort, and contributed largely to the comfort and prosperity of her people during her long reign. Came, on the following day, the proclamation at St. James's Palace, when, in mourning costume, looking fatigued and pale, and standing between Lords **Melbourne** and **Lansdowne**, she showed herself to the people; then the dissolution on July 17, when the scene in the House of Lords was brilliant almost beyond precedent, and the Queen charmed them all by her graces of manner, and by her charming voice and correct elocution; then later, on August 28, a state ball at the Guildhall, when the enthusiasm of loyalty found sufficient expression; and finally, on June 28, 1838, the coronation in Westminster Abbey.

At the date of her coronation **Victoria** was only nineteen years of age. The only child of the Duke of Kent, fourth son of **George** III. and of the Princess **Louise Victoria** of Saxe-Coburg, she was born at Kensington Palace May 24, 1819. As the Princess **Charlotte** had died toward the close of 1817, and as there was but small chance of an heir in any other direction, she was looked upon from the first as "the hope of the nation." "Look at her well," said her father, "for she will yet be Queen of England." This hope was temporarily eclipsed in 1820 by the birth of a daughter to the Duke of Clarence, afterward **William** IV. The child lived only three months. When **Victoria** was born, **George** III. was still alive. Death removed the Duke of Kent January 23, 1820, when the Princess was only eight months old. **George** III. died within a week afterward. **George** IV. succeeded, and reigned ten years. The interval until the Queen's accession, a period of seven years, was filled by **William** IV. During these years the Princess and her mother continued to make Kensington their home, the Duchess giving her entire time and attention to the education of her daughter. No education was ever more happily or more successfully conducted, and seldom has any education borne better or more wholesome fruit. Pleasing stories are told of this period, but they cannot be here reproduced. She had not long left off her lessons, as on one occasion she reminded Lord **Melbourne**, when she was called to the throne.

On February 10, 1840, the Queen was married to her cousin, Prince **Albert** of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. It was a happy alliance, as all the world knows, while it lasted; but it was all too soon disturbed by the death of the Prince, December, 1861. Her mother had died in March of the same year. In her widowhood the Queen has commanded the sympathy, as in her earlier married life she commanded the respect and admiration, of all good people. What was said of some of the faithful of old may be said of her—"her years have been blessed in the land." A numerous offspring have grown up around her to do her honor, and she lives in the hearts of her people. England owes her much, and her example has been a blessing to the nations. How much she has done to preserve the British throne and the integrity of the British dominions no one can tell. How much she has done to give sanctity to the marriage bond, and purity and dignity to the home, will find fitting acknowledgment wherever these qualities are held in honor.



THE MONUMENT TO GENERAL SYKES.

A **self-constituted** committee of three (General Fitz-John Porter, Frederick T. Locke, and Hiram Duryea), in October last, addressed the following appeal to their army comrades and other friends:

"We who served with our old comrade General George Sykes feel that some more fitting testimonial of his merit and our affectionate esteem should mark his grave than the plain pine board which now records only his name and the date and place of his death.

"It needs only the facilities in our hands in order that the expression of our sentiments shall take a tangible shape.

"General Sykes, during the war of the rebellion, commanded nearly the entire infantry of the regular army, and the Fifth Army Corps, from June, 1863, to March, 1864. He commanded and fought the corps at the battle of Gettysburg, and at the time of his death was Colonel of the 20th United States Infantry. His name and fame are endeared to every officer and soldier of the old regular army, as well as the great body of gallant volunteers which he ably commanded."

The testimonial or monument as completed is represented in the above picture, and is now in position over General Sykes's grave in the cemetery at West Point, New York. The monument is of Rose Westerly granite, 15 feet 7 inches high, and 6 feet square at base.

George Sykes was born at Dover, Delaware, in 1822, graduated from West Point in 1842, and was commissioned Second Lieutenant in the Third United States Infantry. He served in the Seminole war in Florida and in the Mexican war with distinguished credit, gaining the brevet of Captain for gallantry at Cerro Gordo. From 1848 to 1861 he served almost continuously on the frontier, being engaged in campaigns against hostile Indians. Upon the breaking out of the war he was commissioned Major of the Fourteenth Infantry, and commanded a battalion of regulars in the first battle of Bull Run. In September, 1861, he was made Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and commanded the regular troops of the Army of the Potomac. His division was conspicuous for its gallant services in the Peninsular campaign of 1862. He continued in command of this division at second Bull Run, Antietam, Fredericksburg, and Chancellorsville, and on the appointment of General Meade to the command of the Army of the Potomac, in June, 1863, General Sykes succeeded to the command of the Fifth Corps. He led this corps at Gettysburg, and continued at its head during the ensuing operations of the Army of the Potomac until March, 1864, when he was ordered to the Department of Kansas.

He held, by promotion, appointment, and selection, the various grades from Captain of Infantry up to and including that of Major-General of Volunteers, and was brevetted Colonel, Brigadier-General, and Major-General, United States Army, respectively for "gallant and meritorious services in the battles of Gaines's Mill, Gettysburg, and during the Rebellion."

THE APPEARANCE OF NEW SUNS.

By RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

The idea has prevailed during the last four or five years that the Star of Bethlehem is soon to reappear. Much attention has thus been attracted to those stars which have from time to time shone out in different parts of the celestial sphere. These orbs, the so-called new stars, are of great interest, apart from their quite imaginary association with the star of the Nativity. A brief sketch of some of the more striking facts connected with some of them will, I think, be interesting to many.

Pliny tells that Hipparchus was led to construct his catalogue of the stars (which included only about a thousand) by the appearance of a new star; and though Delamore speaks of the statement as "*une historiette*"—a fiction or fib—there is nothing unlikely in it. Indeed it appears probable that the star of Hipparchus may be identified with a new star (Kesing, or "guest star") which, according to the Chinese records of Matuan-lin, appeared in the southern claw of the Scorpion in the year 134 B.C. These same records speak of a new star which shone between the heads of Hercules and the Serpent-bearer in 123 A.D., and another which shone for eight months between the Centaur's hind-feet in the years 173 and 174. In the reign of Honorius a star shone forth (A.D. 389) close to Altair (the leading brilliant of the Eagle), which attained after a while the brilliancy of Venus, but remained visible for only three weeks.

Passing over other new stars which appeared in Sagittarius and Scorpio, we come to one which, according to Leovitius, appeared in the year 945 between Cassiopeia and Cepheus. Again in this same region (we have no better description, unfortunately) a bright new star appeared in the year 1264. And yet a third time, in a spot which might by a careless observer be so described, a bright star appeared on November 11, 1572, which shone for seventeen months near the star Kappa of Cassiopeia, and during a part of that time with such splendor that it could be seen even in full daylight. It was suggested by Goodricke that these three stars might be one and the same body, a variable star with a period averaging about 312 or 313 years. This lead to the fanciful idea that it might have been an apparition of this star which guided the Magi from their Chaldean home to Jerusalem. It should be hardly necessary to say that nothing in the account of the star of the Nativity corresponds with the idea that the phenomenon referred to was a new star in a northern constellation like Cassiopeia, whose diurnal range of motion for the latitude of Palestine at the beginning of the Christian era carried it from the northern horizon nearly overhead, and so back to the northern horizon again. The record of the star of Tycho Brahe is so full of interest, however, on its own account, that the astronomer cannot help hoping there may be some truth in Goodricke's idea, and that the star will reappear near Kappa Cassiopeia within a few years, possibly within a few months. Unfortunately there is little evidence in support of Goodricke's theory that the stars of 945, 1264, and 1572 were one and the same body. It is doubtful whether the manuscript record quoted by Leovitius ever had any existence. If it existed, then it remains doubtful, according to the evidence of his contemporaries, whether the object referred to was a star or a comet. Periods of 319 and 308 years are not so consistent with Goodricke's theory as we could wish, though the difference is not an absolutely decisive objection against that theory, for the period of the strange variable star *Mira* in the Whale is not constant.

Let us, however, consider Tycho Brahe's interesting account of the new star's appearance and changes, especially of color. Seen in the light of what has been discovered during the last few years, the facts reported by him are full of interest. It was on the night of November 11, 1572, that Tycho Brahe first saw the new star, near the zenith, in Cassiopeia, shining with a radiance such, says Tycho, as no star had ever before shown. "In my amazement," he says, "I doubted the evidence of my senses." He adds that "to have the testimony of others" he called his assistants from the laboratory, and inquired of them, and of all the country people that passed by, if they also observed the star that had thus suddenly burst forth.

In all respects the new star resembled the other fixed stars, except that it scintillated more remarkably than stars of the first magnitude. This, however, indicated no difference of condition, since scintillation is purely a phenomenon of our own air. Nay, the marked scintillation of the new star showed, though thirty-seven years were to pass before the telescope was applied to the heavenly bodies, that as seen through a telescope the star would have presented no disk as the planets do, but only a point of light like the other fixed stars, for objects which when magnified show a disk do not scintillate. The rays from one part of their surface correct the color effects produced by rays from another part. The new star was so bright that it could be seen by those gifted with keen sight in the daytime. Gradually the new star diminished in lustre from a brightness rivalling that of Venus to Jupiter's lustre (in December, 1572); then to the brightness of first-magnitude stars (February and March, 1573); in April and May, to stars of the second magnitude; and so on, with regular diminution of brightness (an interesting circumstance), until in February, 1574, it passed beyond the range of the unaided vision. It changed also in color, being white so long as it was as bright as Venus or Jupiter, then yellow, then red, then livid, then of a dull whiteness, which color it retained till it disappeared. It is probable, however, that a telescopic star still occupying the place where Tycho located his star is the same one in its normal condition.

After Tycho Brahe's star of 1572, the most remarkable new star of those seen before the invention of the telescope was that sometimes called Kepler's, which appeared in the constellation of the Serpent-holder in 1604. It was first noticed by Kepler's pupil, the Bohemian astronomer Brunowski, on October 10. Its lustre when first seen was slightly less than that of Tycho Brahe's star, yet surpassed the brightness of Jupiter. It scintillated more remarkably than any star ever seen; but this probably was due rather to the fact that it was seen nearer the horizon. Kepler expressly tells us that when it had risen above the denser atmospheric strata it was white. This star gradually faded in lustre, without notable change of color, until at the end of March, 1605, it was only of the third magnitude. In November and December it passed out of view, owing to the approach of the sun to the part of the sky in which the new star was shining, and when it reappeared, late in January, 1606, it was very faint. In March, 1606, it disappeared altogether from view The Chinese records give a very fair account of the appearance of this star when still bright. They describe it as first seen on September 30, shining in the southwest till November, and reappearing on January 14 in the southeast.

When we consider these splendid new stars in connection with what we have learned respecting those recent new stars which have been examined with the spectroscope, we recognize a truly wonderful meaning in the phenomena which they presented. But indeed, apart from any knowledge depending on recent researches with the spectroscope, we have only to consider what a star is to see what an amazing meaning resides in the appearance of a new star. Our sun is a star—no more; nay, he is very far from being one among the chief stars. Probably the stars Sirius, Vega, Altair, and others of that class (300 out of 600 examined by the Padre Secchi) give out moment by moment at least a hundred times as much light and as much heat as our own sun. Yet the supply of light and heat daily emitted by the sun is not insignificant. It has been calculated that the sun pours out about as much light as two millions of millions of millions of the best electric burners.

If we suppose such a star as Tycho Brahe's to be in its normal condition a sun like our own, then, since it emitted for many months hundreds if not thousands of times as much light—and doubtless heat—as usual, there must during all that time have been an emission per second of as much extra or wasted light and heat as would come from the consumption of many millions of millions of millions of tons of coal. If we suppose that in its normal state that orb belongs to the same giant class as Sirius, Altair, Vega, and several hundred others among the naked-eye stars, then, of course, the extra or wasted work of the star in its abnormal condition becomes vaster. But if, as is much more probable, more likely also than the former supposition, the star in its normal state is much less resplendent than our sun, emitting perhaps only one-hundredth part of his light and heat, then during its first great lustre it was shining at least fifty times as brightly as a sun of his class, and must have emitted during each second of time as much light and heat as would come from the combustion of more than half a million millions of millions of tons of the best coal. In the English method of enumeration this would be called half a million billions or half a trillion tons; by the American method it would be called five hundred quadrillions or half a quintillion of tons per second. But call it what we will, the wasted emission of light and heat, even on this the most moderate supposition, is something awful to contemplate. The whole surface of our earth, glowing with the full glory and heat of the sun's surface, would give out only about the 600,000th part of the light and heat which was being poured wastefully into space during the first month's outblazing of Tycho Brahe's star. For at least three months it was doing the work of fifty such suns as our own.

The demonstration of the real nature of new stars in this sense has been the work of the telescope, though the most interesting discoveries regarding them have been made by means of that most marvellous of all men's inventions for scientific research, the spectroscope. It was in 1866 that a new star was first proved to be really an orb which had been before shining as an ordinary fixed star, but had undergone some strange change by which its lustre had been increased many hundredfold. Argelander and his assistants had surveyed the northern heavens, charting the places of no fewer than 324,198 stars,

[*Continued on page 446.*]

HOW AMASA SNOW GOT ON HIS FEET.

Amasa Snow sat in his little law office, his feet on the top rim of his stove, and his stove full of wood and red hot. His office was about a rod from his house, and quite near the high wooden gate leading into the village street. Over the door one read, "Prothonotary and Attorney-at-law." It was a huge, faded sign in black letters; one could not go by Amasa Snow's office and not know of the business of its occupant. The trouble with the sign was it was not alluring enough. Squire Slayton, down the street, with a very small sign and over a grocery store, and without a big wide house, and a family name and connection—Squire Slayton somehow got all the business there was going in East Chesterville. Amasa Snow sat tilted back in his wooden arm-chair, pulling his long chin beard, scratching the few gray hairs in his sloping gray head, and trying to conjure up some new scheme by which he could beat Slayton again, and defer the foreclosure sale. He had deferred it five times on one excuse and another; but Slayton had him this time; there was no help for it. The old place would have to be sold—the old place where his boyhood had been passed until he went away to college, and where he had lived ever since, and seen his six girls grow up about him. His six girls! He reached down and broke a splinter off a bit of pine-wood by the stove, and began to chew hard on it. What would become of the girls? Every one a beauty in *his* eyes; every one worthy of marrying the Governor of the State. How could he tell *them* that the sale of their old home could be postponed no longer; that every device and trick, and every legal quibble, had been tried and tried again? He *dared* not tell the girls. He looked out of the window; it was raining. An April shower, to be sure, with a prospect of a golden sunset later on, but making everything outside under the trees look very muddy and dismal. Amasa Snow felt very much depressed. Fate appeared to be against him.

What was to be done? He had borrowed from every one in the town. He could borrow no longer. If the old place were sold at twice its value it would not pay his debts. He had lived well, and his six motherless girls had never known how poor he was. "Oh!" he groaned, as he rose and stood with his back to that hot stove—"oh, how can I get on my feet?"

There were his law books—a couple of thousand dingy calf volumes, not kept up to date, the inheritance from the judge, his father, but even the law books were 'chattelled,' as they said, *i. e.*, mortgaged quite beyond their value. Everything he had, in fact, was mortgaged. He had come this wet April day to the end of things. Next week came the sale. He felt like saying—the deluge. He had not enough money to take him and his family out West.

That was his plan—to go West. He hardly felt his fifty years. He felt young and energetic when he thought of the West. By-the-way, there was his brother, Elisha—his brother who in his youth was so like him. *He* was West—in California. He had not seen him for twenty years. The last he had heard from him was a request to send on a hundred dollars. That was five years ago. He had sent him fifty, and nothing had been heard from Elisha since, except his name endorsed across the back of the check, showing that he had received the money.

No, it was clear that Elisha could never help him. Elisha had caused him to lose several thousand dollars once in a mine. Elisha's name was always a great bugbear in his family since. No, Elisha could not be expected to help him. Stay! An idea. Amasa Snow began to poke the red-hot fire vigorously. It was a bleak raw day, but the fire was hot enough in that little office if left alone. An idea. Elisha should be *made* to help him. It was a last hope, but it fired him with enthusiasm. He reached up into a dusty book-case and got down a file of letters. He was looking for Elisha's address.

Just then there came a tap at the office door. Amasa turned around. "By thunder!" he cried, nearly carried off his feet with astonishment. "It's Elisha—*in propriâ personâ!*"

"I have come home," said Elisha, meekly. "I have come home—to neighbor round."

"And just in the nick of time, Elisha. Mighty glad I am to see you!" Then a thought occurred to him, as he shook his brother's hand, with that feeble wave in the air so common in southern Connecticut, he would not tell Elisha of his financial condition. He might not help him if he did. No, he would keep his own counsel.

The two brothers sat down by the stove, and Amasa threw another stick of soft pine-wood on the fire. It was frightfully hot. "See here, Elisha," he said, after a pause. "How's the Grand American Eagle a-doin'?"

"She isn't a-doin'."

"Nothin' at all?"

"No; hasn't been for ten years."

"It *was* a splendid mine *once*, Elisha. You used to say so."

"So it was. But we struck hard-pan—you remember about it. What's the use of rakin' over old personalities at this time, when I ought to be received with open arms, and a bonfire lighted, and fire-works touched off?"

"I know, I know," replied Amasa, apologetically. "I ought to ask how you have happened on East this way."

"Why, yes; you ought to show *some* brotherly feeling. It's natural."

"Well, Elisha, have you got any ready money in your pocket?"

"A thousand dollars."

Amasa walked over to his old rusty safe. "Better put the money in here?" he asked, casually. Elisha handed him a roll of bills. "Don't feel like payin' back any of that two thousand?" asked Amasa, facetiously, referring to the loan he had made him in the mining scheme.

"No," said Elisha, "I don't." After a pause, while his brother locked the safe, he said, "That thousand is the last cent I've got in the world."

"Glad you've come home. Glad you've come to live with me," said Amasa, rubbing his hands. "The girls will be so happy to see you. Come, let's go in the house."

He slipped an old, well-worn overcoat over his shoulders without buttoning it, and they went out into the rain. Elisha was very well dressed. Any one would have taken him for a well-to-do Western bank president. He looked sleek and well fed. There wasn't a trace of anxiety about his face. Otherwise the brothers looked very much alike.

As they were crossing the threshold of the house, Amasa whispered, "Just tell the girls you're a millionaire; for a joke, you know."

Elisha winked. "Yes," he said, "for a joke—wish I was, though," and they entered the parlor. There were the six girls; six good-looking, hearty, frank, healthy country girls. They all rose, and gave a veritable shout of welcome. They usually gave a united shout whenever anything pleased them. They fairly screamed when Elisha opened the door. They flew at him. They kissed him. They took his hat for him; they took away his overcoat and umbrella. And *how* they were impressed when their father said, proudly, "And then to think that your uncle has returned to us a millionaire!"

"A millionaire!—really?" chorussed the girls.

Elisha began to feel his old boastful spirit, for which he had long been noted, coming over him again. "Why," he said, "out in California we don't reckon a million much money. All my friends are worth over a million. My five million dollars don't count very much out *there*."

"Elisha says he is going to build a public library building for East Chesterville," put in Amasa, without a grimace.

"A public library!" chorussed the girls.

"He says he don't mind paying off the debt on the church either," added their prevaricator of a father.

"How perfectly splendid!"

"No one would have thought the Grand American Spread-eagle Mine would have panned out so well," said Amasa.

By this time the six girls were dancing around the room in their excitement. They had never been so excited since John Mawley, the son of Mawley the mill-owner at the other end of the village, had become engaged to Bessie Snow, their eldest sister—said Mawley having concluded, on the consent and advice of his father, to break off said engagement, after knowledge of Lawyer Snow's financial condition came out and became common gossip.

"Elisha says the Sunday-school shall have a new organ if it takes his last cent," said their father, laughing heartily. *He* could not hold himself in.

"Well," said Elisha, "not *quite* as bad as *that*. But they shall have a new melodeon—yes."

This capped the climax. The Sunday-school had been holding picnics, strawberry festivals, ice-cream festivals, lectures, busy-bees, and I don't know what besides—in which the six girls had taken a lively interest—to raise money enough for an organ; but, do their best, they could raise only about fifty dollars. They threw themselves upon their uncle, and as there was not quite enough of him to go around, they threw themselves upon their father. It was a touching scene. Two of the girls were in tears, and one of them was heard to say, "Our deliverer!"

And there in the midst stood the two old hypocrites, laughing as heartily as the rest—only—only in Amasa Snow's eyes their glistened some real tears. Poor man! how he wished it was all true! For he loved his girls beyond everything on earth, and their happiness and joy unnerved him for his little scheme. If it should fail, how should he dare look them in the face again?

Suddenly Bessie looked up. "It's late," she said—"it's dreadfully late for the sewing society!"

When they were alone, Elisha said: "You've done it!—you've gone and done it! In five minutes every word of what we've said will be all over this village. Yes, and all over the State of Connecticut. Dum it! I say, Amasa, this isn't right!"

"Why? Don't you have any fears. Suppose they do tell of your millions; it will give you credit."

"Ah, yes, yes! but they will all be after me for my money." Elisha straightened himself up very stiffly, and buttoned his coat over his chest very firmly, as if to impress on his brother the fact that he wouldn't let them have a cent—*not one cent*—if they did.

"Well, don't say it isn't *so*, anyway," whispered Amasa, and led Elisha to his room, where that great and good philanthropist and millionaire lay down upon a sofa and took a comfortable nap.

For a week East Chesterville was in a condition of ferment. The resurrection of Elisha Snow in the form of a millionaire, after having departed twenty years before with a reputation for unconquerable laziness, and an ability only remarkable for imbibing hard cider, was enough to shake the entire county to its centre. Then his magnificent bequests—the town library building, the new organ, raising the minister's salary, proposing to establish a Home for Incurable Idiots—for poor Elisha found he could not stop promising when he had once begun, and his plan to build a new gymnasium, skating rink, winter bath, all combined, for the young people, made him at once the idol of the town.

Mawley the mill-owner met Amasa one day in the street. "See here," he said, "I've told Slayton to let up on you. You and I were always old friends. Pay up the interest on that mortgage any time you please. By-the-way, I'm tired of Slayton. He's hounded you, when you were down, in a darned mean way. I'm sick of Slayton. I'll send you round a retainer to-morrow of five hundred dollars in a case I've got against some Providence people. Big case—big money in it. How's your brother?—pretty well, I hope. Those California magnates are all coming East, I hear. Think your brother would like to put any money in my mill? A big chance now. I don't need the money, but it don't pay to keep all your eggs in one basket. How's Bessie? Good-morning."

"Mr. Mawley, one moment. You don't let up on me and send me this lawsuit because Elisha is a millionaire, do you?"

"Oh, no, no, no! My dear fellow, no, no! Why, what an idea! By-the-way, *I* never favored the breaking off of that match—my son and Bessie. Good-day."

Amasa Snow got round behind the fence, and laughed and shook until the entire fence laughed and shook with him. His little scheme was working well. One needs very little capital in this world if one can only obtain its substitute—credit. That week and the next he had retainers sent him from several wealthy proprietors in a neighboring manufacturing town. They had heard of his brother's millions. He had the foreclosure suit discontinued, paid Mawley his interest, got his mortgage extended indefinitely. What is more, his business picked up so that he paid a large sum on account all around among his creditors. They all said, "Elisha is doing it for him." He painted and refurbished the old Snow house. He ran slightly into debt in doing it, but his girls had some new clothes sent them from New York. *He* donned a new suit of broadcloth, and—he was happy. He was on his feet. Slayton was utterly nonplussed. In vain the wily practitioner went about spreading doubts as to Elisha's having any money whatever. "Why don't he buy that organ?" he kept saying, until people began to wonder why indeed.

As soon as the rumor spread about that Elisha was childless, and that he intended leaving his money in equal shares to his six nieces, they went off literally like hot cakes. Mawley junior, who really loved the girl, married Bessie, and then they were all married off in batches of two, until the youngest refused to marry at all, saying, with her finger at her lip, "she preferred to stay with her father."

In one year all this happened. Amasa Snow was now a successful man—his debts paid and his practice increasing. One day the rumor reached *him*—why had not Elisha paid for that organ?

He went to Elisha. "It is time," he said, "for you to disappear."

"I'm very contented here," protested Elisha, "reading the newspapers and sitting in the hotel. It agrees with me. I don't want to disappear."

He liked the adulation extended to him on the ground that he was a millionaire. He played the easy, well-fed, rich plutocrat revisiting his New England home to perfection. His acting was consummate, because it was nature itself, without a mirror being held up to it. He had just that amount of narrowness, of close-fistedness, of sagacious doubt as to the motives of men who approached him with schemes for investment; he acted the millionaire to perfection, and he never overdid it.

"Amasa, I can't go," he said. "They think I'm such a good man to *make* money. They have actually brought money to me to make more for them. Yes, I've received over fifty thousand dollars for investment within the last month."

"Thunder and guns!" exclaimed Amasa. "This is dreadful! I see State-prison yawning before us!"

"It's just what the Grand American Spread-eagle Mine needs," said Elisha, swelling himself out—"*a little money*."

"Well, take the money and go, then—*go!* I will have nothing to do with this—nothing!"

Amasa was very angry. He resolved to be responsible for his brother no longer. He went to his daughters, all but one now well married and in happy, well-to-do homes. "Your uncle and I have had a row," he said. "He is going back to California."

And the organ, the new library, the gymnasium?

"Well, he is mad about something. He says the town has slighted him. But one thing must be understood, whatever he does—*I* wash my hands of him forever!"

Elisha did leave a few days after. He took away about a hundred thousand dollars of widows' and orphans' funds, went to San Francisco, put his money into various enterprises, paid the beneficiaries eight per cent. interest, was honest as the day, and died a few years ago worth a great deal of money, which he left, share and share alike, to his brother's six girls, and he left a thousand dollars for the new organ.

Amasa still lives—a fairly well-to-do old country lawyer—slightly in debt still, in East Chesterville. But he is the adored grandpapa of twelve of the dearest little grandchildren, and he often says to them, benignly, "Children, I have put you all—and myself—on our feet. Yes, but I had to tell your mothers an awful lie!"

"What was the lie, gandpopper?"

"I had to say the laziest man alive—your granduncle, children—I had to say the penniless old rascal—your grandfather's brother, my dears, who had robbed me of all I had in one of his confounded mines, the Great American Spread-eagle Gold and Silver—I had to say, and stan' to it, that he was one of the biggest millionaires on the Pacific coast! But that lie has put us all on our feet!"

Richard H. Roe.

VICTORIA'S JUBILEE.

Royal Jubilees have been but rare in history. We seek for them almost in vain among the monarchies of continental Europe. Among the greater powers France offers the solitary example—that of the *Grand Monarque* Louis XIV., who was King for seventy-two years, and who reigned sixty years. In England only three of her rulers, besides Queen Victoria, have filled the Jubilee period—Henry III., who reigned fifty-six years, Edward III., who reigned fifty years, and George III., who reigned sixty years. It is only when the throne is mounted at a very early age that a Jubilee enters among the future possibilities of its occupant. Emperor William, full of years and full of experience as he is, has reigned but twenty-six years. The last Royal Jubilee in the British Isles was celebrated November 25, 1809; and although the stubborn old King had not always during his long reign given his subjects cause for gratitude alone, his excellencies only were remembered on the occasion; and there was a widely extended and sincere manifestation of loyalty. The people flocked to the churches to offer their thanksgivings; festivities and illuminations enlivened the evening; and the occasion was rendered especially memorable by the liberation from prison of many unfortunate debtors.

The mere rarity of the event would be but a small recommendation. Other and more important considerations, however, are not wanting. The period covered by the Queen's reign has been crowded with great and stirring events. At home and in the colonies and dependencies there has been no lack of excitement. Canadian insurrection, Chartist riots, Indian wars and Indian mutiny, wars in southern and eastern Africa, and wars in further Asia, have given variety and picturesqueness to the fifty years' history. Mighty efforts have been necessary to overcome existing and to avert impending evils inside the Queen's dominions; and on more than one occasion the empire has been compelled to unsheath the sword and to measure its strength with some of its most powerful rivals. It has been, above all things, a period of progress—of progress unexampled in any period of similar length in all the past. The progress of course has not been confined to the British Isles or to the British dominions alone. But in these it has been especially marked. A greater contrast than that which is presented by the British Empire and people in 1837 and the British Empire and people in 1887 is to be found nowhere else except in these United States. At the former date the fruits of the Reform Bill were only beginning to make themselves manifest. There were steam-boats, but they had not yet been used for ferry purposes, nor had any yet crossed the Atlantic. There were railroads, but they were only in their infancy. The telegraph was unknown, nor was there yet a penny-post. How different the state of things to-day! But the march of improvement has not been confined to these particulars alone. Successive legislative efforts have led to a more general distribution of power, and the working-man, as well as his master, has a voice in the management of national affairs. The spirit of humanity has been breathed into legislation, and justice has been tempered with mercy. The conveniences and comforts of life have been multiplied. The people are better fed, better clothed, better housed, and better educated than they were fifty years ago, and considering the increased number of the population, there has been a large diminution both of pauperism and crime. In spite of diminished numbers in Ireland, and in spite of extensive emigration from Scotland and England, the home population has almost doubled. In some of the larger towns and cities it has more than doubled. Taste and munificence have gone hand in hand with the general prosperity, and while the great cities have been beautified by long lines of stately warehouses and palatial homes, and adorned with magnificent public buildings, the amenities of rural life in some of its more delightful phases have, by means of parks and gardens and easy conveyance, been brought within the reach of the humblest citizen.

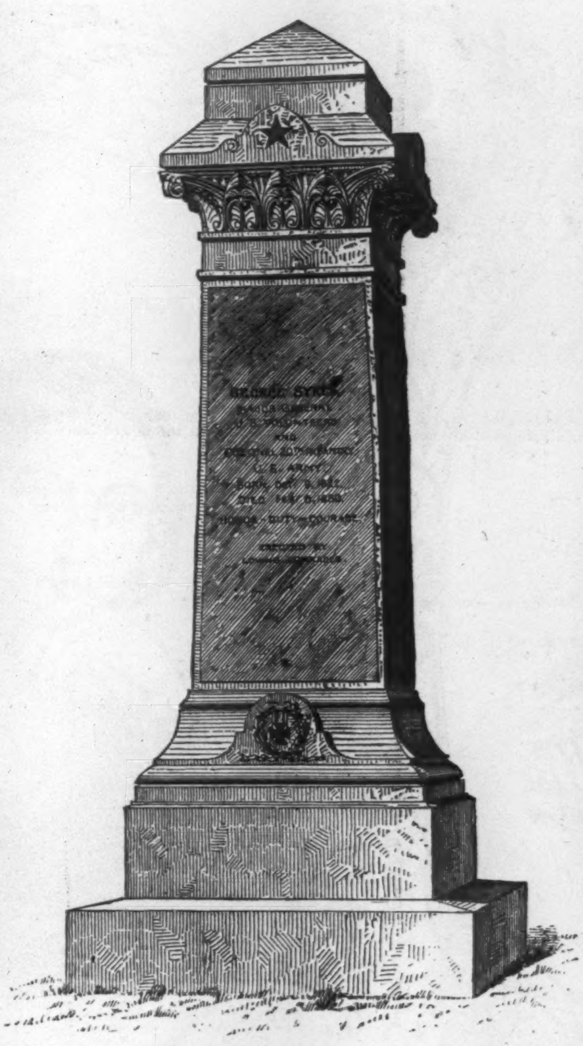
Nor have these encouraging and pleasing signs been limited to the home sections of her Majesty's dominions. The colonies and dependencies have been multiplied and enlarged. India, at the beginning of the reign governed by a number of independent princes, is now a unit; and throughout that vast expanse of territory, stretching from the Persian border to the extreme confines of Burmah, and from the Hindoo-Koosh to Cape Comorin, with its three hundred millions of people, the British flag floats as the one symbol of authority. Australia, used then only for convict settlements, and New Zealand, not yet founded, are already, with their increasing populations, their rapidly developing industries, and their flourishing cities, revealing the sturdy elements of future empire—another Britain, or another America, under the Southern Cross. South Africa, although less rapidly, is moving in a similar direction. The Dominion of Canada is a creation of the period. Already a solid unit, it is now pushing its energies toward the Pacific and the Northwest, reclaiming a vast and fertile region from the Indian and the trappers, from the buffalo and the bear, and preparing it as another home for the Anglo-Saxon family. If the welfare of mankind and the future of civilization are to be in any way dependent upon that family, it is surely something to know that at the present moment, scattered throughout the British dominions, and spread over these United States, there are, as near as may be, one hundred millions of people making their wants known and their influence felt through the medium of English speech.

Of course it would be absurd to attribute all this progress and prosperity in any direct way to the influence of the Queen herself. They might have been without her, but they might not. As it is, they are inseparably associated with her reign and name. For fifty years she has been the most conspicuous personage in the British dominions, and indeed the foremost woman in the entire English-speaking world; and the confession has to be made that in all the relations of life, both public and private, she has proved herself worthy of her exalted station. Of all that Great Britain has been during these years she has been a great, if not the principal, part; and whatever the honor or glory, she comes in for that share which is due to the chief of the state.

It was on the 20th of June, 1837, at the early hour of five o'clock, that Dr. **Howley**, Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Marquis of Conyngham, Lord Chamberlain, arrived at Kensington, and having aroused the Princess **Victoria**, hailed her as Queen, and informed her of the death of her uncle, **William** IV. At eleven o'clock of the same day, the members of the Privy Council having assembled, she went through the form of taking and signing the oaths of office. All those who were present were struck with the manner in which she went through the trying ordeal. Modesty corresponding with her youth and inexperience was singularly combined with self-possession and firmness. Sir **Robert Peel** was amazed at "her manner and behavior, at her apparent deep sense of her situation, and at the same time her firmness." The Duke of Wellington was delighted. If she had been his own daughter, he could not have desired to see her perform her part better. **Greville** tells us that, after she had taken the oaths of office, "she held a council, at which she presided with as much ease as if she had been doing nothing else all her life." At this council her first state utterance was made. It was read in a firm voice, clearly and distinctly. It concluded as follows: "Educated in England, under the tender and enlightened care of a most affectionate mother, I have learned from my infancy to respect and love the constitution of my native country. It will be my increasing study to maintain the reformed religion, as by law established, securing at the same time to all the full enjoyment of religious liberty; and I shall steadily protect the rights and promote to the utmost of my power the happiness and welfare of all classes of my subjects." Much as the young Queen may have been indebted to the presence and assistance of the Prime-Minister, Lord **Melbourne**, the words were well suited to the occasion; and it can hardly be doubted that by being loyally true to her own pledges, she has secured much of her own personal comfort, and contributed largely to the comfort and prosperity of her people during her long reign. Came, on the following day, the proclamation at St. James's Palace, when, in mourning costume, looking fatigued and pale, and standing between Lords **Melbourne** and **Lansdowne**, she showed herself to the people; then the dissolution on July 17, when the scene in the House of Lords was brilliant almost beyond precedent, and the Queen charmed them all by her graces of manner, and by her charming voice and correct elocution; then later, on August 28, a state ball at the Guildhall, when the enthusiasm of loyalty found sufficient expression; and finally, on June 28, 1838, the coronation in Westminster Abbey.

At the date of her coronation **Victoria** was only nineteen years of age. The only child of the Duke of Kent, fourth son of **George** III. and of the Princess **Louise Victoria** of Saxe-Coburg, she was born at Kensington Palace May 24, 1819. As the Princess **Charlotte** had died toward the close of 1817, and as there was but small chance of an heir in any other direction, she was looked upon from the first as "the hope of the nation." "Look at her well," said her father, "for she will yet be Queen of England." This hope was temporarily eclipsed in 1820 by the birth of a daughter to the Duke of Clarence, afterward **William** IV. The child lived only three months. When **Victoria** was born, **George** III. was still alive. Death removed the Duke of Kent January 23, 1820, when the Princess was only eight months old. **George** III. died within a week afterward. **George** IV. succeeded, and reigned ten years. The interval until the Queen's accession, a period of seven years, was filled by **William** IV. During these years the Princess and her mother continued to make Kensington their home, the Duchess giving her entire time and attention to the education of her daughter. No education was ever more happily or more successfully conducted, and seldom has any education borne better or more wholesome fruit. Pleasing stories are told of this period, but they cannot be here reproduced. She had not long left off her lessons, as on one occasion she reminded Lord **Melbourne**, when she was called to the throne.

On February 10, 1840, the Queen was married to her cousin, Prince **Albert** of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. It was a happy alliance, as all the world knows, while it lasted; but it was all too soon disturbed by the death of the Prince, December, 1861. Her mother had died in March of the same year. In her widowhood the Queen has commanded the sympathy, as in her earlier married life she commanded the respect and admiration, of all good people. What was said of some of the faithful of old may be said of her—"her years have been blessed in the land." A numerous offspring have grown up around her to do her honor, and she lives in the hearts of her people. England owes her much, and her example has been a blessing to the nations. How much she has done to preserve the British throne and the integrity of the British dominions no one can tell. How much she has done to give sanctity to the marriage bond, and purity and dignity to the home, will find fitting acknowledgment wherever these qualities are held in honor.



THE MONUMENT TO GENERAL SYKES.

A **self-constituted** committee of three (General Fitz-John Porter, Frederick T. Locke, and Hiram Duryea), in October last, addressed the following appeal to their army comrades and other friends:

> "We who served with our old comrade General George Sykes feel that some more fitting testimonial of his merit and our affectionate esteem should mark his grave than the plain pine board which now records only his name and the date and place of his death.
>
> "It needs only the facilities in our hands in order that the expression of our sentiments shall take a tangible shape.
>
> "General Sykes, during the war of the rebellion, commanded nearly the entire infantry of the regular army, and the Fifth Army Corps, from June, 1863, to March, 1864. He commanded and fought the corps at the battle of Gettysburg, and at the time of his death was Colonel of the 20th United States Infantry. His name and fame are endeared to every officer and soldier of the old regular army, as well as the great body of gallant volunteers which he ably commanded."

The testimonial or monument as completed is represented in the above picture, and is now in position over General Sykes's grave in the cemetery at West Point, New York. The monument is of Rose Westerly granite, 15 feet 7 inches high, and 6 feet square at base.

George Sykes was born at Dover, Delaware, in 1822, graduated from West Point in 1842, and was commissioned Second Lieutenant in the Third United States Infantry. He served in the Seminole war in Florida and in the Mexican war with distinguished credit, gaining the brevet of Captain for gallantry at Cerro Gordo. From 1848 to 1861 he served almost continuously on the frontier, being engaged in campaigns against hostile Indians. Upon the breaking out of the war he was commissioned Major of the Fourteenth Infantry, and commanded a battalion of regulars in the first battle of Bull Run. In September, 1861, he was made Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and commanded the regular troops of the Army of the Potomac. His division was conspicuous for its gallant services in the Peninsular campaign of 1862. He continued in command of this division at second Bull Run, Antietam, Fredericksburg, and Chancellorsville, and on the appointment of General Meade to the command of the Army of the Potomac, in June, 1863, General Sykes succeeded to the command of the Fifth Corps. He led this corps at Gettysburg, and continued at its head during the ensuing operations of the Army of the Potomac until March, 1864, when he was ordered to the Department of Kansas.

He held, by promotion, appointment, and selection, the various grades from Captain of Infantry up to and including that of Major-General of Volunteers, and was brevetted Colonel, Brigadier-General, and Major-General, United States Army, respectively for "gallant and meritorious services in the battles of Gaines's Mill, Gettysburg, and during the Rebellion."

THE APPEARANCE OF NEW SUNS.

By RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

The idea has prevailed during the last four or five years that the Star of Bethlehem is soon to reappear. Much attention has thus been attracted to those stars which have from time to time shone out in different parts of the celestial sphere. These orbs, the so-called new stars, are of great interest, apart from their quite imaginary association with the star of the Nativity. A brief sketch of some of the more striking facts connected with some of them will, I think, be interesting to many.

Pliny tells that Hipparchus was led to construct his catalogue of the stars (which included only about a thousand) by the appearance of a new star; and though Delamore speaks of the statement as "*une historiette*"—a fiction or fib—there is nothing unlikely in it. Indeed it appears probable that the star of Hipparchus may be identified with a new star (Kesing, or "guest star") which, according to the Chinese records of Matuan-lin, appeared in the southern claw of the Scorpion in the year 134 B.C. These same records speak of a new star which shone between the heads of Hercules and the Serpent-bearer in 123 A.D., and another which shone for eight months between the Centaur's hind-feet in the years 173 and 174. In the reign of Honorius a star shone forth (A.D. 389) close to Altair (the leading brilliant of the Eagle), which attained after a while the brilliancy of Venus, but remained visible for only three weeks.

Passing over other new stars which appeared in Sagittarius and Scorpio, we come to one which, according to Leovitius, appeared in the year 945 between Cassiopeia and Cepheus. Again in this same region (we have no better description, unfortunately) a bright new star appeared in the year 1264. And yet a third time, in a spot which might by a careless observer be so described, a bright star appeared on November 11, 1572, which shone for seventeen months near the star Kappa of Cassiopeia, and during a part of that time with such splendor that it could be seen even in full daylight. It was suggested by Goodricke that these three stars might be one and the same body, a variable star with a period averaging about 312 or 313 years. This lead to the fanciful idea that it might have been an apparition of this star which guided the Magi from their Chaldean home to Jerusalem. It should be hardly necessary to say that nothing in the account of the star of the Nativity corresponds with the idea that the phenomenon referred to was a new star in a northern constellation like Cassiopeia, whose diurnal range of motion for the latitude of Palestine at the beginning of the Christian era carried it from the northern horizon nearly overhead, and so back to the northern horizon again. The record of the star of Tycho Brahe is so full of interest, however, on its own account, that the astronomer cannot help hoping there may be some truth in Goodricke's idea, and that the star will reappear near Kappa Cassiopeia within a few years, possibly within a few months. Unfortunately there is little evidence in support of Goodricke's theory that the stars of 945, 1264, and 1572 were one and the same body. It is doubtful whether the manuscript record quoted by Leovitius ever had any existence. If it existed, then it remains doubtful, according to the evidence of his contemporaries, whether the object referred to was a star or a comet. Periods of 319 and 308 years are not so consistent with Goodricke's theory as we could wish, though the difference is not an absolutely decisive objection against that theory, for the period of the strange variable star *Mira* in the Whale is not constant.

Let us, however, consider Tycho Brahe's interesting account of the new star's appearance and changes, especially of color. Seen in the light of what has been discovered during the last few years, the facts reported by him are full of interest. It was on the night of November 11, 1572, that Tycho Brahe first saw the new star, near the zenith, in Cassiopeia, shining with a radiance such, says Tycho, as no star had ever before shown. "In my amazement," he says, "I doubted the evidence of my senses." He adds that "to have the testimony of others" he called his assistants from the laboratory, and inquired of them, and of all the country people that passed by, if they also observed the star that had thus suddenly burst forth.

In all respects the new star resembled the other fixed stars, except that it scintillated more remarkably than stars of the first magnitude. This, however, indicated no difference of condition, since scintillation is purely a phenomenon of our own air. Nay, the marked scintillation of the new star showed, though thirty-seven years were to pass before the telescope was applied to the heavenly bodies, that as seen through a telescope the star would have presented no disk as the planets do, but only a point of light like the other fixed stars, for objects which when magnified show a disk do not scintillate. The rays from one part of their surface correct the color effects produced by rays from another part. The new star was so bright that it could be seen by those gifted with keen sight in the daytime. Gradually the new star diminished in lustre from a brightness rivalling that of Venus to Jupiter's lustre (in December, 1572); then to the brightness of first-magnitude stars (February and March, 1573); in April and May, to stars of the second magnitude; and so on, with regular diminution of brightness (an interesting circumstance), until in February, 1574, it passed beyond the range of the unaided vision. It changed also in color, being white so long as it was as bright as Venus or Jupiter, then yellow, then red, then livid, then of a dull whiteness, which color it retained till it disappeared. It is probable, however, that a telescopic star still occupying the place where Tycho located his star is the same one in its normal condition.

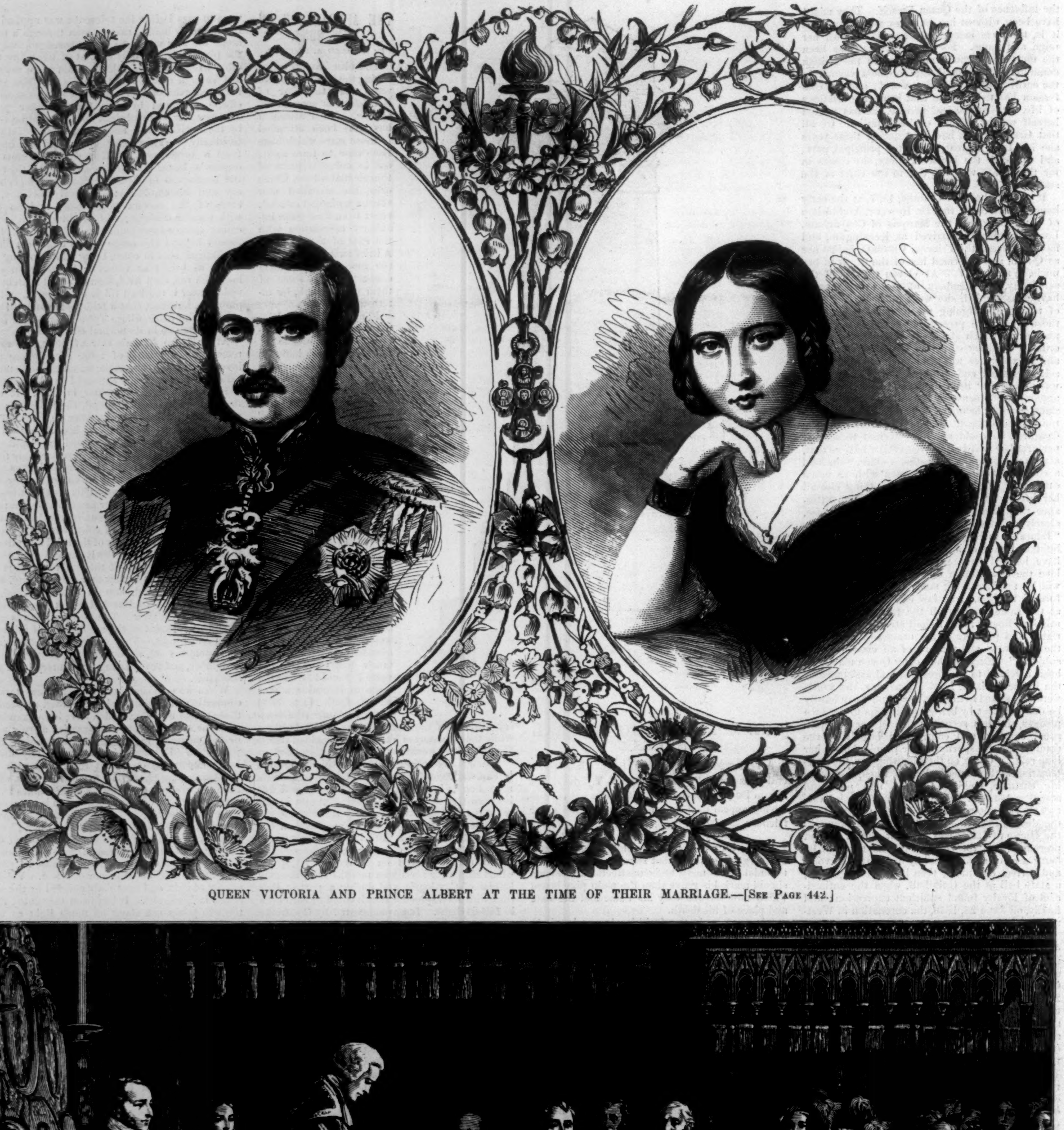
After Tycho Brahe's star of 1572, the most remarkable new star of those seen before the invention of the telescope was that sometimes called Kepler's, which appeared in the constellation of the Serpent-holder in 1604. It was first noticed by Kepler's pupil, the Bohemian astronomer Brunowski, on October 10. Its lustre when first seen was slightly less than that of Tycho Brahe's star, yet surpassed the brightness of Jupiter. It scintillated more remarkably than any star ever seen; but this probably was due rather to the fact that it was seen nearer the horizon. Kepler expressly tells us that when it had risen above the denser atmospheric strata it was white. This star gradually faded in lustre, without notable change of color, until at the end of March, 1605, it was only of the third magnitude. In November and December it passed out of view, owing to the approach of the sun to the part of the sky in which the new star was shining, and when it reappeared, late in January, 1606, it was very faint. In March, 1606, it disappeared altogether from view The Chinese records give a very fair account of the appearance of this star when still bright. They describe it as first seen on September 30, shining in the southwest till November, and reappearing on January 14 in the southeast.

When we consider these splendid new stars in connection with what we have learned respecting those recent new stars which have been examined with the spectroscope, we recognize a truly wonderful meaning in the phenomena which they presented. But indeed, apart from any knowledge depending on recent researches with the spectroscope, we have only to consider what a star is to see what an amazing meaning resides in the appearance of a new star. Our sun is a star—no more; nay, he is very far from being one among the chief stars. Probably the stars Sirius, Vega, Altair, and others of that class (300 out of 600 examined by the Padre Secchi) give out moment by moment at least a hundred times as much light and as much heat as our own sun. Yet the supply of light and heat daily emitted by the sun is not insignificant. It has been calculated that the sun pours out about as much light as two millions of millions of millions of the best electric burners.

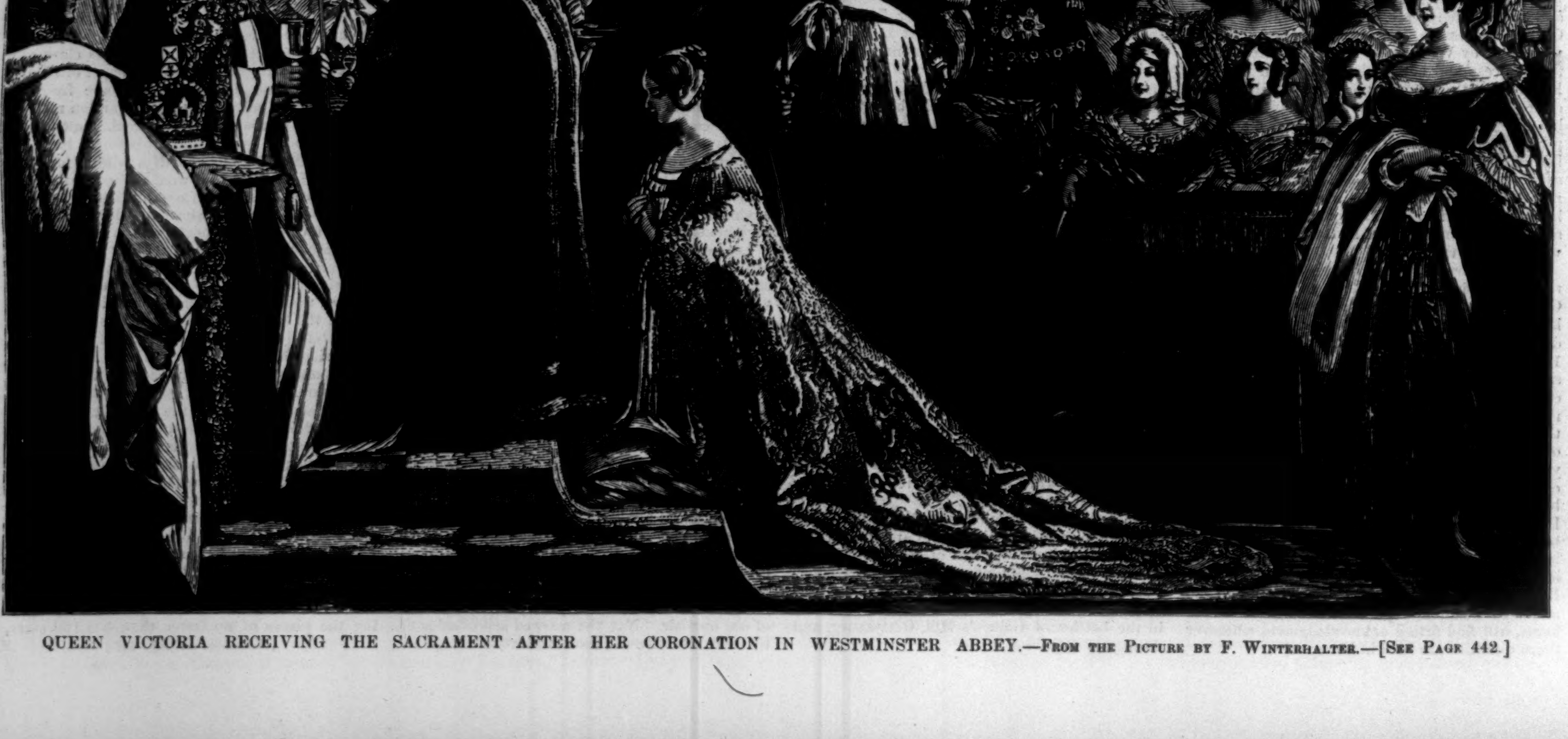
If we suppose such a star as Tycho Brahe's to be in its normal condition a sun like our own, then, since it emitted for many months hundreds if not thousands of times as much light—and doubtless heat—as usual, there must during all that time have been an emission per second of as much extra or wasted light and heat as would come from the consumption of many millions of millions of millions of tons of coal. If we suppose that in its normal state that orb belongs to the same giant class as Sirius, Altair, Vega, and several hundred others among the naked-eye stars, then, of course, the extra or wasted work of the star in its abnormal condition becomes vaster. But if, as is much more probable, more likely also than the former supposition, the star in its normal state is much less resplendent than our sun, emitting perhaps only one-hundredth part of his light and heat, then during its first great lustre it was shining at least fifty times as brightly as a sun of his class, and must have emitted during each second of time as much light and heat as would come from the combustion of more than half a million millions of millions of tons of the best coal. In the English method of enumeration this would be called half a million billions or half a trillion tons; by the American method it would be called five hundred quadrillions or half a quintillion of tons per second. But call it what we will, the wasted emission of light and heat, even on this the most moderate supposition, is something awful to contemplate. The whole surface of our earth, glowing with the full glory and heat of the sun's surface, would give out only about the 600,000th part of the light and heat which was being poured wastefully into space during the first month's outblazing of Tycho Brahe's star. For at least three months it was doing the work of fifty such suns as our own.

The demonstration of the real nature of new stars in this sense has been the work of the telescope, though the most interesting discoveries regarding them have been made by means of that most marvellous of all men's inventions for scientific research, the spectroscope. It was in 1866 that a new star was first proved to be really an orb which had been before shining as an ordinary fixed star, but had undergone some strange change by which its lustre had been increased many hundredfold. Argelander and his assistants had surveyed the northern heavens, charting the places of no fewer than 324,198 stars,

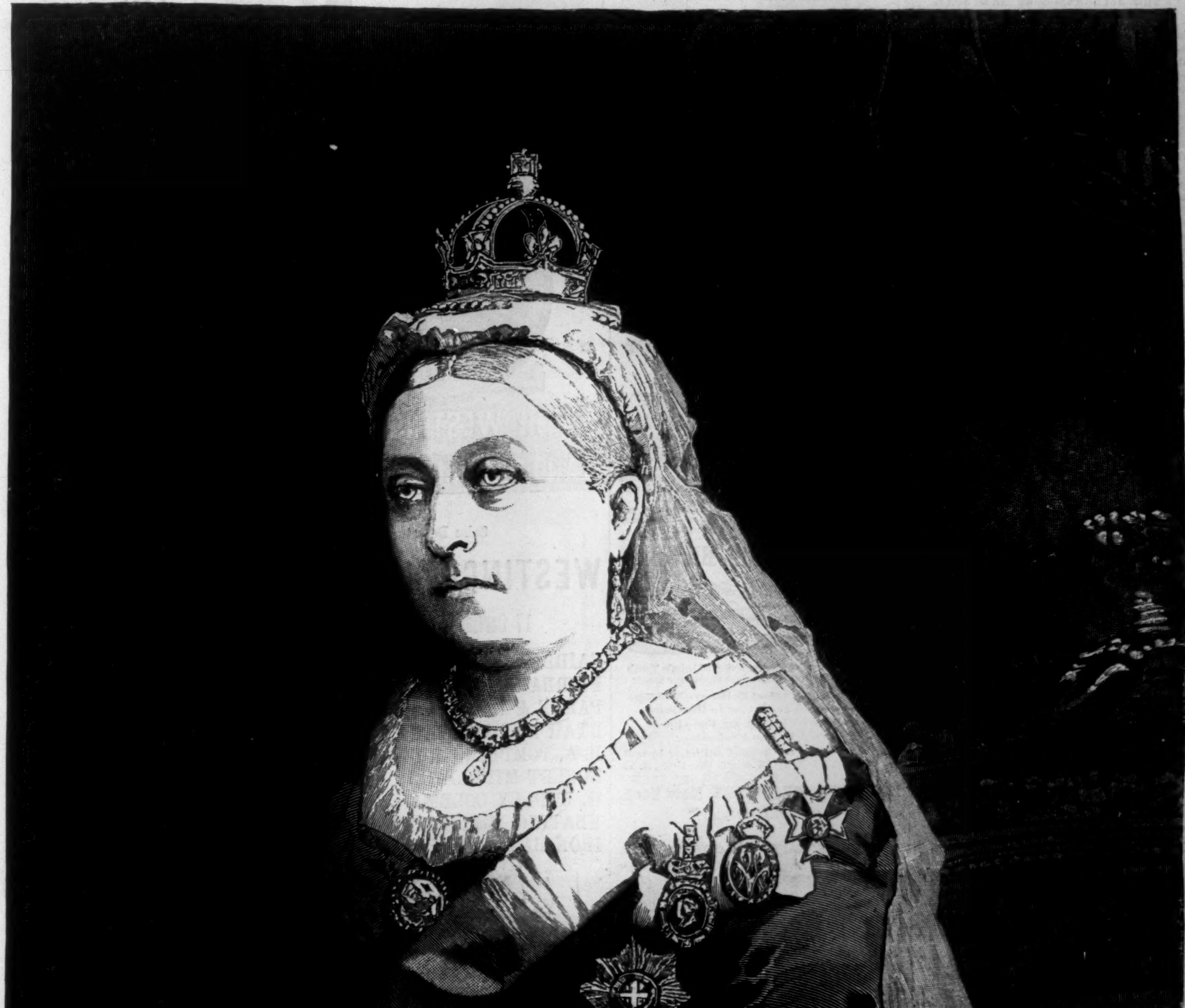
[*Continued on page 446.*]



QUEEN VICTORIA AND PRINCE ALBERT AT THE TIME OF THEIR MARRIAGE.—[SEE PAGE 442.]



QUEEN VICTORIA RECEIVING THE SACRAMENT AFTER HER CORONATION IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.—FROM THE PICTURE BY F. WINTERHALTER.—[SEE PAGE 442.]



HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA IN 1887.—[See Page 442.]

THE APPEARANCE OF NEW SUNS.

(Continued from page 443.)

including all down to between the ninth and tenth magnitude. When in May, 1866, a new star of about the second magnitude shone forth in the constellation of the Northern Crown, astronomers examined Argelander's charts to see if the place occupied by the new bright star had been before occupied by a star which had been bright enough to be recorded there. Luckily this proved to be the case. There in the chart was marked a star of the tenth magnitude in the very place (so far as could be judged) which was now occupied by the new star. This might not have been sufficient if the new star, when it faded gradually out of view, had been found to be an orb distinct in reality from Argelander's small star. But as a matter of fact the new star simply faded into that old one which has been ever since under the close scrutiny of astronomers.

It was, however, the spectroscopic examination of the new star in the Crown which resulted in the most remarkable revelations. For it was found that the hydrogen around the disturbed sun was glowing with such intense splendor as to outshine all the rest of that remote sun's light and heat. Whether, as Mr. Huggins supposed, the hydrogen within the star had rushed forth, or (which seems altogether more likely) some rush of matter from without had suddenly lashed that sun's whole surface into intense heat and splendor, causing the hydrogen already outside the star to shine with many times its usual lustre, certain it is that a catastrophe of some tremendous nature had produced this marvellous change, by which for a while the star gave out fully eight hundred times as much light and heat as in its normal condition.

Other new stars have shone forth since then, though only one so brightly that ordinary vision might have noticed it. This was a star in the Swan, which for a while was of the third magnitude. The spectrum of this star presented an appearance akin to that shown by the spectrum of the star in the Crown. But the new star in Cygnus faded out, not into a telescopic star, but into a small greenish nebula—a cloud (really of enormous size) of glowing hydrogen and nitrogen, as the spectroscope showed.

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Under the above phrase a writer in a late number of the new *Murray's Magazine* devotes some paragraphs to the new watering-place (hot mineral springs) and pleasure resort in the Rocky Mountains of Canada. The Canadian government has wisely reserved a wide domain on both sides of Bow River, in the eastern foot-hills of the Rockies, to be a National Park. The new Canadian Pacific transcontinental line of railway passes directly through this park, and drives have been laid out reaching the best points of view, the hot mineral springs, Devil's Lake, and various fishing streams. It would be hard to find anywhere in America a region combining a foreground so lovely, with mountains in the background so majestic. Sport for rifle and shot-gun is abundant.

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The fame of these waters was thus early spread, and Banff will certainly become one of the most fashionable and delightful health-resorts in America.

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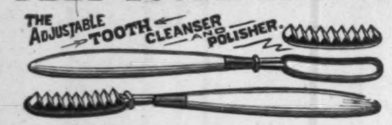
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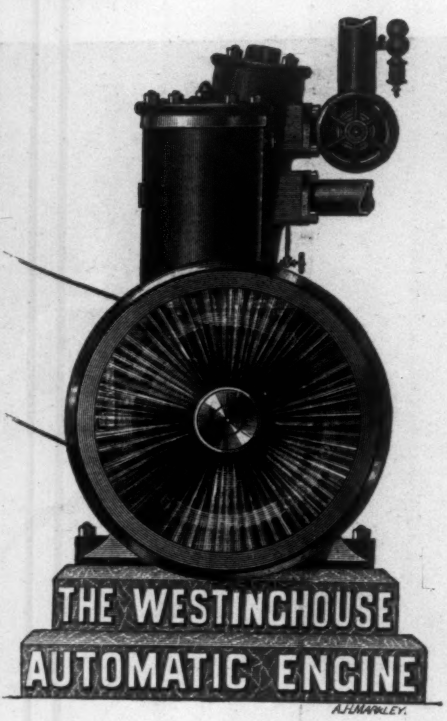

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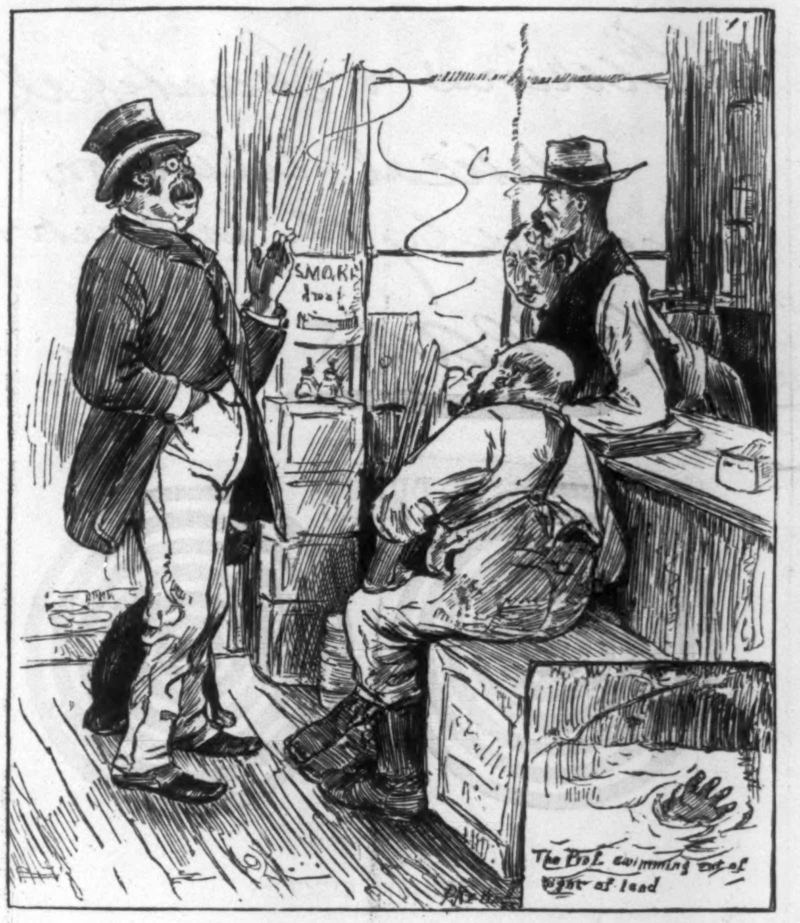
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The Prof. swimming out of sight of land

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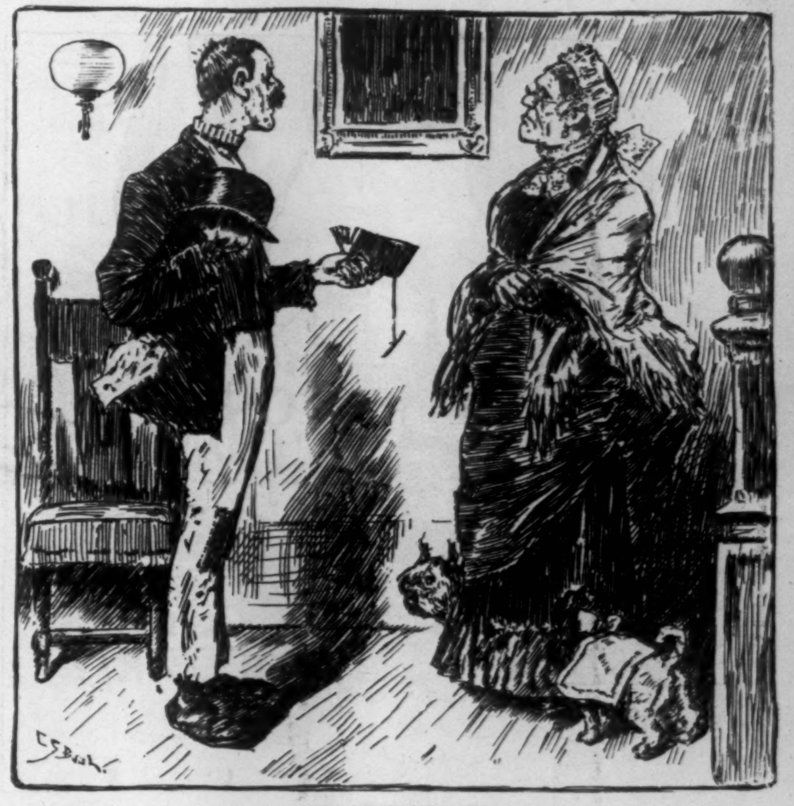

ITS PRINCIPLES.

"Mornin', mum. I called ter see if you'd s'cribe to our serciety, mum."

"Its principles, sir?"

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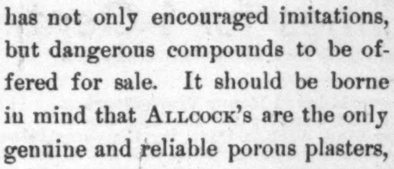
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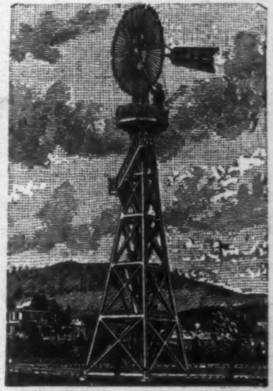

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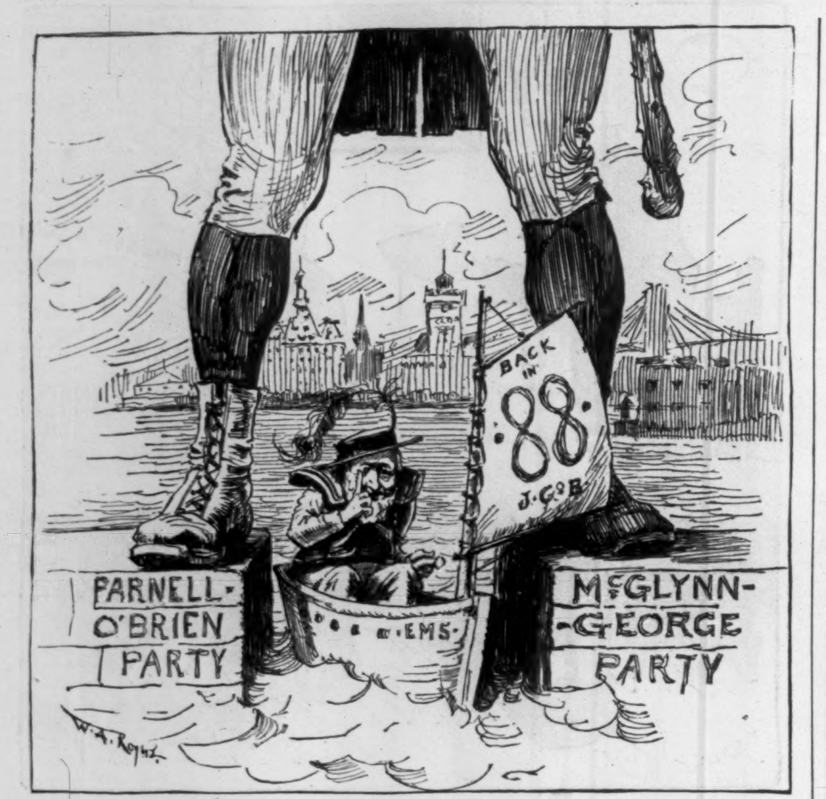

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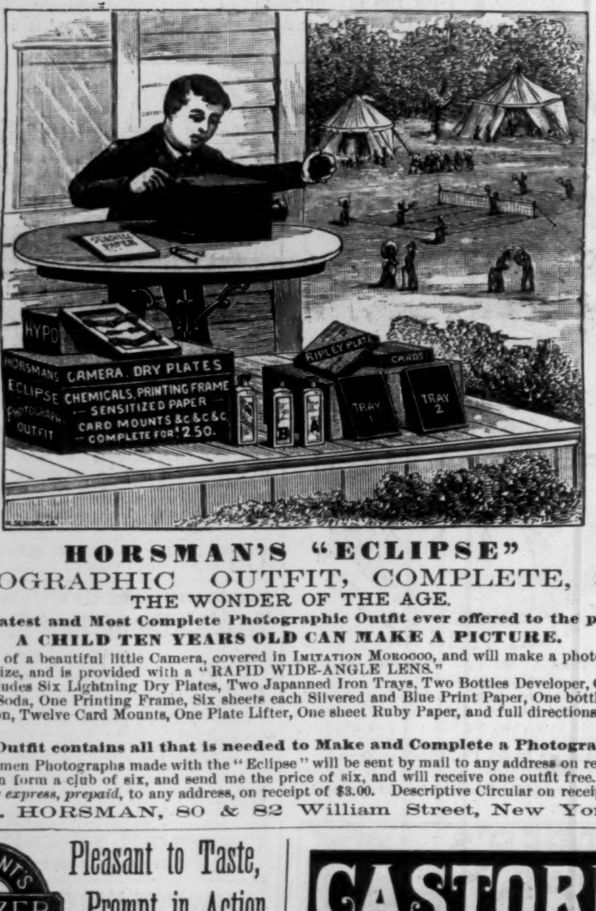

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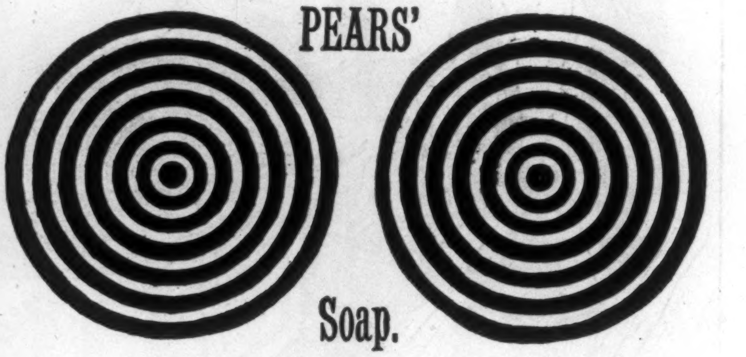

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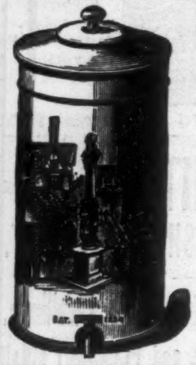

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